

Social Side of City Life

EDITED BY MISS MARION NEYMOOR

PERSONALS, MEETINGS, CLUB ACTIVITIES, WEDDINGS AND SOCIAL EVENTS

PHONE NUMBER 1001

NEITHER day, nor life, can be made only by doing nothing in them.

—Reuben

Lient. R. P. Forster, of the 1st Battalion, returned to his home Thursday night after his mother, who is over eighty years old, Mrs. Davidson will stay with him while he is here. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Forster, 8th Battalion, are here.

Mr. W. Davidson left on Friday for England, where he will remain for three months. He is over eighty years old, Mrs. Davidson will stay with him while he is here. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Forster, 8th Battalion, are here.

Angele Grant, Jr., is a patient in the Royal Alexandra hospital where he underwent a plastic operation to repair a cleft palate.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Waste and family leave on Wednesday for California.

"Acquiring a Good Complexion is Simply in Knowing How!"



There is nothing mysterious nor secret about getting a Good Complexion — if you only know how to do it.

Now you have all the New Complexion secrets —

DOUBLE CREAMS —

A special bring the beauty back to your face.

Two new Double Creams —

With a touch of color —

you will get the pair of

Creams direct.

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Admission 25c.

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Editor

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Racing
Football
Shooting

What's What in the World of Sport

Baseball
Bowling
Tennis

WEATHER WAS NO DETERRENT TO BALL GIRLS

Two Senior and Two Junior
Games Played—Half-Way
in Series

The inclement weather of the past week, for outside games, the High school girls managed to run off two senior and two junior games, and so by doing reached the half-way point in their series.

Commercial and Stars
The competition in the senior league has been between the Stars of High and the Victoria Stars, none of the other teams being conceded even a nosebleed. The junior girls from McDonald High have come to the rescue, however, and the game is on again.

With one victory over the Stars, the Victoria Girls' Commercial girls have the call for the championship, although the Stars can count on the two senior half wins to determine the meet again.

Sports and Commerce
The first meeting of the Senior and Commercial will fight it out. The former has won the last two inter-scholastic meetings and the latter team expects to have a good time, especially as the game will be played on the Victoria grounds.

The experience gained in this

game will have to be used, though the latter girls were never in any difficulty.

Senior Games
The first meeting of the two Victoria teams was held at the Victoria grounds. The latter girls didn't exhibit much enthusiasm over the affair, probably owing to the fact that they had been in competing against their more ex-

BALTIMORE MAY GET INTO AMERICAN

LAWTON May Be Settled by Trans-
fer of the Washington
Franchise

performed opponents. What the game lacked in interest was supplied for by a series of humorous incidents. The girls gave splendid imitations of real stars. The score was written off to the Stars with a 4-3 win, the score at half-time being 2-2.

The "Roma" forwards were away off center, but the defense was solid, while directly under the basket, the Stars played a nice passing game and shot well. The McDougall defense all the time was excellent, but when the play at centre was very difficult.

The game was over, the standing as follows:

W. L. F. Aet.
Commercial High 2 0 12 2 86
McDougall High 2 0 12 2 86
Victoria Crescent 0 4 16 17 7

Junior Standings

The Junior standing:

W. L. F. Aet.
Gratton High 2 0 24 24 96
McDougall High 2 0 24 24 96
Technical High 0 2 14 48

Standing

The Junior standing:

W. L. F. Aet.
Gratton High 2 0 24 24 96
McDougall High 2 0 24 24 96
Technical High 0 2 14 48

High School

In the High School the Technical School was drawn twice, and lost both games, the first to the Stars and the second to the "Roma".

Scouts by a score of 200-100.

Scouts by a score

Sunday Services in City Churches

Salvation Army Young People's Work In Alberta

North Edmonton Corps Captures Prize for Best Showing in Western Canada

During the Selection Armories, Commissioner Bowton gave a prize to the Army Corps making the biggest contribution to the work. This was so much attention as that it was given to us that we were the best people of this denomination. The term "Sunday school" means nothing to us. The salvation generally is not used by the salvation army, but the salvation work being prosecuted amongst the young people of all ages is claimed "People's Work." Commissioner Bowton said: "The salvation army has been in attendance at the conference here for the past year, and our activities for the past year very extensively, and we are now in contact. It was announced that in almost every department of each of the salvation army corps, the movement was in evidence.

In addition to the heading of the Young People's work is the Cradle Roll, Primary Classes, Sunday School, Boys' and Girls' Saving Seals and Guards, Corp Cadets, Young Peoples' League, and the various departments, branches of these being at the Divisional Headquarters and the Divisions.

A special campaign for the improvement of this work amongst the young people was carried to a very successful conclusion.

West last January and February,

CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA ON BABY

Spread Covering Body, Awful Disfigurement. Itched and Burned, Had to Scratch.

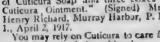
"My baby was troubled with eczema which began on her face.

It was a rash and was very sore and caused great trouble and disfigurement. The rash itched and burned terribly and she was cross.

"Then I used Cuticura Baby Soap with healing and the barks of Cuticura. Under the supervision of Mr. Henry Richard, Murray Harbor, P. E. L., A. C. G. Co., Ltd.

You may rely on Cuticura to care for your skin, scalp, hair and nails.

For Free Sample Mail Address persons to Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.



DON T PUNISH

the sick child by
forcing him to
swallow a nose or a

ous ... mixtures. Children dread these remedies, and this leads them to hide the pills and eat other terrible results.

Most of childhood's troubles originate in constipation and disorders of the stomach. To correct these conditions you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Tablets.

One tablet at bedtime will do the work and make your child look like a new born infant in the morning. The liver is stimulated, the bowels purified safely and gently. Little folks appreciate these tablets.

25 cents a tablet, or from

Chamberlain's Medicine Co., Toronto.

**CHAMBERLAIN'S
TABLETS**

Good for children

© 1917 Chamberlain's Medicine Co., Ltd.

The Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Week's Events

FATHER AND ELEVEN SONS JOIN THE COLORS



John Taylor (third from left in front row), of Crystal Springs, Miss., and ten of eleven sons who donned khaki. His ten daughters are doing Red Cross work.

KING GEORGE VISITS AMERICAN PATROL SHIP



To his left is Lt.-Com. Fredericks, U.S.N.

STUDYING IN CANADA



Frederic W. Keough, editor of "American Industries," who is in Montreal for the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States to study Canadian methods of training returned soldiers.

J. H. ASHDOWN



Winnipeg capitalist, who has been appointed a director of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. Ashdown is an ex-mayor of the Manitoba capital.

TO ASSIST REGISTRAR



Mrs. P. I. Nolan, of Calgary, widow of the late P. J. (Paddy) Nolan, K.C., the famous criminal lawyer, who has been appointed to help the Alberta registrar under the Military Service Act.

UNCLE SAM'S BALLOON SCHOOL



Free balloons ready for a flight at Fort Omaha, Neb. Before a student can be commissioned as a first lieutenant in the U.S. army he must make seven of these flights. One of them must be at night, and one of them alone. The training school is located at Fort Omaha, Neb.

EDWARD BARROW



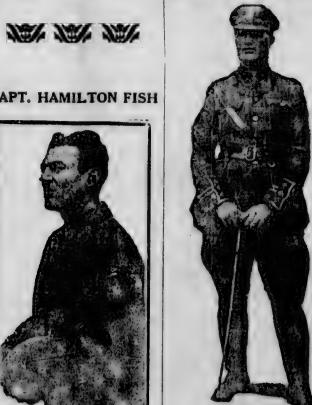
President International Ball League, again mentioned as successor to Ban Johnson.

"BOB" FITZSIMMONS



Revivalist and former heavyweight champion of the world, who passed away from pneumonia on Monday, while telegrams from sporting men throughout the world flooded his bedside wishing him success in his battle with death. This picture is from his latest photograph and shows him accompanied by his latest wife.

CAPT. "BOB" PEARSON

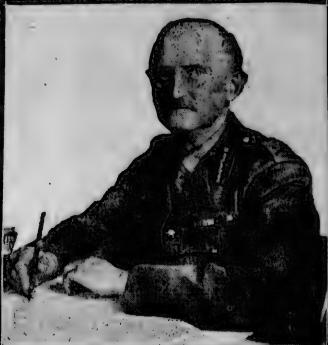


CAPT. HAMILTON FISH



Former football star starts gridiron work for men at the National Army Camp. Capt. Hamilton Fish, a graduate of the college football field, and later of the officers' training camp, retains his love for the great old gridiron game.

NEW BRITISH ATTACHE AT WASHINGTON



Brig-General James D. McLachlan, D.S.O., who succeeds Col. Murrrough O'Brien. Gen. McLachlan won the D.S.O. in 1914, and was severely wounded. Col. O'Brien returns to active service.

TOM LONGBOAT



Wonderful Canadian Indian runner, the report of whose death at the front is not verified.

WHY SALONIKA BURNED



With equipment like this the great fire raged unchecked. This fire engine, filled by hand, held 25 gallons, and was exhausted in 45 seconds.

ONE OF BRITAIN'S NELSONS



Commodore Sir R. Tyrwhitt, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C., with his flag lieutenant, on board his flagship. Commodore Tyrwhitt is only the second post-captain in history to receive the K.C.B., the last occasion being 78 years ago.

An Income For Life—Our Free Christmas Gift

FINE FURS

TO THE WINTER-TIME Matron AND Miss:
FASHION SAYS FURS!

FUR IT WILL BE!

Muffs and Neckwear of Every Kind are Here
In All Colors.

Because these offerings were bought early, we are able to offer them at very reasonable prices—so you will be quick to buy.

Iceland Fur Sets	\$18.50 to \$27.50
Black Wolf Sets	\$27.50, \$35.00, \$45.00, \$55.00
Civet Cat Sets	\$35.00 to \$55.00
Red Fox Sets	\$35.00 to \$55.00
Japanese Sets	\$35.00 to \$75.00
Husky and Red Fox Sets	\$35.00 to \$125.00
Lynx Sets	\$35.00 to \$55.00
Minx Sets and Neckwear	\$15.00 to \$25.00
Earmuffs	\$15.00 to \$19.50

Great Opportunity in Fur Purchases for Guests
on House and Lot.

FORBES-TAYLOR CO.

10514-18 Jasper W.

EVERYONE who watched this space, as advised, will be pleased to know that

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of The Sun Life Assurance Co.

has this space to use for a series of "Insurance Talks."

Home Electric Light & Power Co.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR DELCO LIGHT PRODUCTS

Send us a Copy of Your Plans and Let us Estimate on Your Wiring Job.

Ask for Illustrated Catalogues of

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Buy in time and purchase one of our splendid, icy, warm overcoats.

The selection now is large. Select your own style and let us fit it to you.

B'NA TAILORED MAN. The price is very little, if any, than the ready-made product, and you get absolute satisfaction.

Fall Suitings in Great Variety, at Right Prices, and
A HOUSE FOR NOTHING, AT

Robinson Tailoring Co.

BULBS FOR WINTER : BLOOMING :

Hyacinths \$1.50 doz., affodis 75c doz.,
Tuips 35c doz.

Our first shipment has just arrived from Holland. The finest quality of bulbs you can secure. We advise buying your bulbs at once owing to the great scarcity.

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OUR SPECIAL Lady's Wrist Watch

This is a 15-year guaranteed watch in fine quality
gold filled case with gold filled bracelet. \$13.75

D. A. KIRKLAND

THE QUALITY JEWELLER.

Stanfield's Two-Piece Heavy Wool Underwear \$1.50 Pcr Garment

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Phone 2031 The Corner Namayo & Jasper

Your purchase ticket gives you an opportunity to win
the Bungalow

BULLETIN

THE above is a cut of the container which has been placed in full view in the windows of the Bulletin office. The letters forming the word "BULLETIN" are made of metal, open faced and covered with glass—they are approximately 6½ inches long, 1 inch wide and 1½ inch deep, and are filled with Northern Alberta wheat.

One estimate is allowed with every dollar purchase from any of the merchants advertising on these pages. Bring your receipt to The Bulletin office and receive your ballot.



"CHEVROLET" SALES
and SERVICE STATION
Now Located at

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Don't Forget That Every Dollar
Spent With Us Entitles You to a
Guess on the House and Lot.

Nor' West Motors Ltd.

DISTRIBUTORS.

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MADE FROM THE RAW SKINS IN OUR OWN
WORK ROOMS.

TRUDEL-Made Furs Have a Distinctive Personality Which Betray the Hand of an Artist.

Visit Our Factory and Show Rooms. Our Work is its Own Recommendation.

L. TRUDEL

Buyers and Manufacturers of Raw Furs.

Our Receipts Give Our Customers an Opportunity of Winning the \$2,250 Free Bungalow.

Graniteware Sale !

Our high-grade of 4-coat blue and white enameled at Half Price and Less. On sale Monday, October 29th, for one week.

A FEW OF OUR SPECIALS

Coffee and Tea Pots. Regular \$1.00. Special 45¢
Sink Drainers. Regular 60¢. Special 30¢
Sugar Bowls. Regular \$1.10. Special 50¢
Pic Plates. Regular 30¢. Special 15¢
Mixing Bowls. Regular 45¢. Special 20¢
Mixing Bowls. Regular 75¢. Special 35¢

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THE QUALITY HARDWARE HOUSE.

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NO MISTAKE
WHEN YOU ORDER

BLACK DIAMOND COAL

You get full value with
every dollar's worth, and
an estimate on the \$2,250
Free Bungalow Contest.

BLACK DIAMOND COAL

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Leading Jewelers.

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Models from

Ladies

Guavine's

Wrist Watcher

from \$19.

Pembina Peerless Coal

YOU MAY WIN THE HOUSE AND LOT; IN ANY EVENT YOU
KNOW YOU ARE USING THE BEST COAL YOU CAN BUY.

Western Transfer & Storage Ltd.

Phones 5216 and 1631

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HOBBERLIN'S New Fabrics of unimpeachable
quality, are tailored in smart, exclusive styles for
men who desire distinctive dress without being
faddish.

Hobberlin Clothes are individually cut by master cutters,
and tailored with care.

The result is, clothes with a personality, and of recog-

nized superiority.

**Suit and Overcoat Values
\$22-\$25-\$30-\$35**

Made to Measure or Ready to Wear

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A. G. CALDER, Mgr.

10173 101st St.
Remember: You Get a Chance to Win the \$2,250 Free Bungalow
With Every Dollar You Spend Here.



The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1917

LORD NORTHCLIFFE DOING BIG WORK IN U.S.

Is Head of World's Greatest Purchasing Agency, Spending Fifteen Hundred Million Dollars a Year

WHAT is the British War mission to the United States doing? The question is asked very often. Very seldom is it answered.

It includes peers of the British realm, several knights and baronets, many distinguished officials of English government departments; many business men of note, hundreds, even thousands, would not be below the mark, of lesser figures. What are they doing?

Lord Northcliffe left his newspapers, the London Times, the London and Paris Daily Mail, and many more, to cross the Atlantic, the man who was responsible for the smashing criticism which provided the British army with the right kind of shells and artillery after they had so long been suffering from the wrong kind, must have seen that there was important work to be done in the United States. Many millions of people in England thought that staying the country at such a time was a danger and might mean a disaster. Yet he came. Evidently for some weighty reason.

Lord Northcliffe is not a man who has ever done things without good and sufficient cause. He has crowded so much into his life that it is clear he has only paid attention to the things which matter. To have become one of the best known men in the world at the age of little over fifty, and to have carved his great position entirely for himself, indicates the possession of a very striking ability to decide between "urgent" and "not so urgent" activities. It is therefore plain that the motive behind Lord Northcliffe's consent to become head of the British War mission was an urgent motive. And the same is clear also of many of those who are assisting him. Sir Hardman Lever, Mr. Thomas Royden, Sir Frederick Black, Sir Stevenson Kent, Sir Charles Gordon have given up their usual activities for the period of the war and are working hard in New York or Washington. What does it all mean?

At Headquarters

Come with me to the second floor of a vast office on Broadway. Here is a whole range of big rooms taking up ten thousand feet of floor space at a rental of \$22,500 a year. These rooms are filled with busy workers. They are fitted with the latest conveniences. You would say they were the offices of some great industrial corporation.

So they are. The British Empire is at present the greatest industrial corporation in the world, though the United States will soon rival, and very likely pass it, when the war industries of this country are in full swing. All these people on the second floor of that vast Broadway office building are working out the transportation of enormous shipments of all kinds of freight from American ports to Great Britain.

Other branches of the mission, and there are a great many of them, are buying all that this small continent sends across the ocean. Buying munitions of war, which means shells, guns, rifles, cartridges, explosives, at the rate of three million dollars a day, twenty-one million dollars a week, over a billion dollars a year. Buying grain, buying cotton, buying oil, buying mules and horses, buying hogs. Lord Northcliffe and his assistants are first, last and all the time spenders of money. Their work has other important sides to it, but this is a very large part of it. They form the biggest buying agency in the United States and in the world today.

If all the branches of the mission, with all those who are employed in its operations, were housed together in one building, it would have to be a building on the scale of the Equitable or the Woolworth. Lord Northcliffe himself estimates their number at fifteen thousand. They are scattered all over the American continent. Their purchases put money into the pockets of millions of producers. Hundreds of factories are kept busy and prosperous making munitions. Farmers are getting good prices for their wheat and oats, their horses and their hogs. The southern planters find a brisk and profitable market for all the cotton they can supply. The oilfields and



LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

the refineries get their share of the stream of gold which pours forth continually from the mission offices.

Since the war began five billions of States by Great Britain on special purchases. You can guess what kind of an organization is needed for doing business on this scale.

You can understand that transactions of so huge a character require the supervision of the ablest men that Britain can spare in this crisis of her history. For some long time the business was in considerable part most capably done through Messrs. Morgan under the gifted supervision of Edward Stettinius. Soon after the United States entered the war it became necessary to send a special mission to co-ordinate all that was being done. It is impossible to order material in such enormous quantities by cable. At the head of every different branch of this great purchasing agency there needs to be a man of experience and ability. Fortunately for all parties men of this stamp have put themselves promptly and willingly at the disposal of the country.

Distinguished

Lord Northcliffe's heads of departments, and some even of the assistants who are working under these heads, are all of them distinguished in their own lines. Sir Thomas Royden, for instance, who is at the head of the shipping branch, is one of the leading men in the Cunard company. T. Ashley Sparks is among the most capable of the younger men in that great organization. Captain Guthrie, in charge of the head office of the transport department in New York, has been connected with the shipping business for many years, and is also, by the way, an officer in the Guards, with whom he saw active service in France until he was seriously wounded.

Mr. Japp, who looks after the production of shells and suchlike, and makes very big contracts every week, such as the one recently signed for \$40,000,000 worth of powder, was the Scottish engineer in charge of the making of the East River tunnels for the British firm of Pearson. For some time he was second in command on the big job of building and running the immense munitions factory at Gretna Green, on the border between England and Scotland. This factory is nine miles long by three miles wide. Gretna Green used to be famous as the place whither runaway couples went to get married according to the very simple Scottish rite. Henceforward it will be still better known as

the site of one of the most wonderful efforts that Britain made during the great war.

Under Links

Sir Charles Gordon is one of Canada's foremost business men, a vice-president of the Bank of Montreal. Andrew Cald, another Scotman and a schoolfellow, by the way, of Mr. Japp, holds in London an important position on the boards of the Associated Newspapers company and of Lord Northcliffe's vast enterprise in Newfoundland. Lieut.-Col. Campbell Stuart, military secretary of the mission, is of the greatest assistance and exceedingly popular with everybody. An assistant military attaché at Washington he is a link between the mission and the embassy, and as an officer of the Canadian army who raised a regiment himself and took it to the other side, he has experience and special knowledge which are of exceptional value. The Hon. Robert Brand, who comes of one of England's oldest families and is a brother of the present Lord Hampden, has made his mark in more than one field of activity. He displays a rare combination of financial and literary ability. He is a partner in the great Paris firm of Lazard Brothers and a leading contributor to the periodical which many consider the best thing of its kind being produced today, the Round Table. Sir Stephenson Kent, who is here on a temporary visit, is high among the coal producers of England. And so on all through the list.

I was in one of the branch offices of the mission a few days ago and saw a face I knew. It was the face of a man who is a partner in a firm which does business in a very large way in the Straits Settlements. He gave up his private affairs when war broke out and offered to serve his country in any way. He was too old for soldiering, so his abilities were used in other directions. There he is, occupying a position which is valuable aid, quite content to be "doing his bit."

When I heard that the cost of all office and management expenses for one of the biggest departments of the missions was very small, I asked how it could be done so cheaply. "It couldn't be done if we were working on an ordinary business basis," I was told. "If we had to pay the men who are doing the work the salaries they could earn under ordinary conditions, our expenses would be very heavy instead of very light. But, you see, they are doing it for nothing in — and in others for a merely nominal

remuneration." Lord Northcliffe is, of course, among those whose services are given for nothing.

Britain's Best

Britain has sent the best men she could find to the United States on this purchasing errand because it is clear that at the present moment there is no more important work than this to be done. Upon the shipments from the United States depends in considerable measure the issue of the war. A short time ago there came a "hurry call" for oil that was needed urgently in the United Kingdom for war purposes. At once the mission headquarters got busy. The most prominent oil men in the country were asked for their assistance which they gave generously and with the most valuable effect. "We swim in oil," Lord Northcliffe said humorously, "we breathe oil. The whole place seemed to reek of it." The result was a steady shipment of oil across the Atlantic, and "for this relief - much thanks" came on the wings of the cable in return.

I met one of the men who had been up to us neck in oil at a dinner-table one evening. This was William Boyd, of the former shipping firm of Houlder, Weir & Boyd (of which another partner, Sir William Weir, is a member of the British air board). Beside him sat a man who I found could speak Russian like a Muscovite, T. Bewright Catto, Scotch like Wm. Boyd, and a shipowner as well; he looks after the shipments that are being made to Russian ports for the benefit of the Russian army. With them were several other mission representatives. One had been buying and shipping hay. Another was a purchaser of horses and mules. A third was engaged in the shipbuilding industry. There was a man at the table who buys wheat to keep the armies in France and Flanders from suffering pangs of hunger or having to live chiefly on potatoes. There was a bacon expert whose duty it is to see that the soldiers in the trenches on the other side have their regular rasher for breakfast, and a cheese buyer who keeps these same soldiers supplied with one of their favorite meats, bread and cheese. There was an authority on sugar who had been entrusted with the task of purchasing as much as he could of that pleasant and necessary commodity.

Army of Inspectors

Then, apart from the purchasers, the British war mission has an army of inspectors under the control of a very able Indian officer, Col. Kenyon. Their duty is to make sure that the purchases are "up to sample." The inspectors are some of them army officers, some are civilian engineers. They not only look carefully over finished products; they also assist manufacturers with their expert advice. It speaks well for the good sense and modesty of those who direct American industries that such advice is attentively listened to and usually followed. The manufacture of munitions is a new line for many of the firms now engaged in it. They have much to learn, and they prove their efficiency by being willing and eager to profit by the counsel of those who have made it their special study.

Another British military officer of exceptional ability who has been sent to the United States is General W. A. White, head of the recruiting branch. This organization has done valuable work, largely by reason of the general's energy and engaging personality. Many people imagine that the British War mission occupies itself not only in recruiting but also in propaganda work. This is a mistake. There is no British "boozing" department in the United States, though Geoffrey Butler, one of the leading tutors in Cambridge university, has been in the country for some time directing such agencies as the British war firms, which he has managed with conspicuous ability. In western cities these firms were made the occasion of very striking and unusual demonstrations of approval and sympathy.

Still remains to be noted one of the most important activities of the mission. This is the work of the financial

(Continued on Page Eight)

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Goodies Transfer
Desk--Basement

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LIMITED

Send Your Parcels
Off Before
The Rush Comes

Your Parcel Will Bring Cheer and Comfort

SMOKES

Cigars in Boxes of Ten

Simon's Rosemills, per box	\$1.00
Simon's Stubbs, per box	85c
Admiration Superior, box	\$1.25
Admiration Delights, box	\$1.25
Little Pearls, per box	85c
A complete range of Pipes, any shape or size.	
Each	50c

Cigarettes in Boxes of 50

Melachrino, per box	25c
Benson & Hedges, per box	25c
Murad, per box	25c
Mogul, per box	25c
Craven Oval, per box	25c
Craven A, per box	25c
100 for	50c
Players, per box	50c
100 for	50c

Tobacco in 1/2 lb. Tins

Ramsey's Special Smoking Mixture, Royal Mint, Orinoco, T. & H. and Old Chum, Each	60c
Tobacco Pouches in square and oval shapes, from 50c to	\$2.00

CIGARETTE CASES in many designs, Each	\$3.00
---------------------------------------	--------

Cigars in Boxes of 25 Each

Many popular brands. Per box of 25

\$1.75

Chocolate Bars

LOWNEY'S Pure Milk, Nut Milk, Caravan, Diamond Crisp, Chunk-O-Cherry, Cream Walnut, per bar	5c
NEILSON'S Large bars Milk Chocolate and Vanilla eating Chocolate, per bar	10c
Extra large 1/2 lb. bar Soldier Chocolate with Patriotic wrapper, Each	25c
Chewing Gum relieves thirst and keeps teeth clean. Every soldier should have some in his possession.	

And especially so if it contains just what our Boys at the Front need. Ramsey's tell of many things that will be appreciated.

KHAKI FLANNEL SHIRTS of all wool materials; military style with two pockets and shoulder straps; 2 separate collars to match. Each

\$3.00

MILITARY FLANNEL SHIRTS in black and gray mixed flannel; attached collar, Each

\$2.00

V NECK SWEATER COATS in fine knit; the style to wear under tunic. Wide choice of colors in navy, gray, maroon or brown. Each

\$3.50

WOOL MITTENS to wear under pull overs, of pure wool yarn wide choice of colors. At per pair, 45c and

55c

KHAKI HANDKERCHIEFS of soft mercerized flannel, 2 for 25c. Other lines, 3 for

25c

KHAKI TIES in silk or silk knit, wide or narrow shapes. 50c and

75c

Money Belts

All leather, each

85c

Leather and canvas, each

75c

WOLSEY'S PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR—Natural color; medium heavy weight; shirts and drawers or separate garments. Priced according to size. Excellent value, per suit

\$6.50, \$7.00 and \$7.50

HALBRIGGAN SHIRTS AND DRAWERS or Combinations, to wear under the heavy army issue. Per suit

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—Fuller.

Gossip of Books of the Day

'THE Dwelling Place of Light'

Vivid Picture of These Times

Books by Winston Churchill, the American, are by way of being milestones in the literary history of these times. His "Inside the Cup," which had for its theme the dissatisfaction of earnest souls with formal religion and the rebellion against the commercialized church, turned many cherished opinions topsy turvy. Whether "The Dwelling Place of Light," which has just appeared, will also enjoy such a sensation remains to be seen, but at all events it begins a search for "the dwelling place of light," and in its treatment of the new problem of industrial unrest it leads to a desire to study and reflect upon things as they are. The North America of old customs and beliefs, breaking up in the crucible of that unrest and a new country in the process of formation, is vividly portrayed.

The place of the story is in and near a New England manufacturing city, and its most prominent character, the one in whom the author seems to personify his theme of a changing America, is Janet Bumpus, the descendant of many generations of New Englanders whose long line of upright, capable, and energetic families has gone to seed in her father. He is a hollow shell, a sort of simulacrum of his ancestors, still wearing the facial mask of dignity and refinement, but lacking will, purpose, energy, ambition. As gatekeeper to the huge Chippering Mills he crawls through his daily routine, his chief interest in life afforded by his incessant study of the pedigree of the Bumpus family and commonplace, futile correspondence with other Bumpuses whom he has never seen. His wife, Hannah, submerged in the daily tasks of housekeeping in their ugly, threadbare flat, is a joyless, sordid person, who accepts without complaint the dun, ceaseless treadmill of her life.

But tragedy is born into the very souls of their two daughters, in whom flames personified the spirit of twentieth century revolt, of groping for readjustment, of clamorous demand for life. In Lise, the younger one, who is a "saleslady" in a department store, the revolt is wholly material. She wants the cushions and the roses and the perfumes of life. In her has survived none of the old New England moral austerities, none of its ability to live by and for the spirit. But Janet, the elder one, who is a stenographer in the Chippering Mills, is offended by her sister's coarser fibre and sordid soul. She, too, yearns fiercely for something in life that would mean beauty and light and sweetness, and is hurt to the depths of her being by the barren, dingy, ugly environment in which their poverty forces them to live. But her intellectual endowment is better and her needs more spiritualized.

When the spirit of revolt is afame within her it lights up, unconsciously to her, a face and personality not usually striking to vividness that challenges attention. Claude Ditmar, manager of the Chippering Mills, a personage of consequence in the business

world, forceful, accustomed to dominate, happens to see her at one of these vivid moments. She rouses his interest, he advances her, presently makes her his private secretary, and little by little surrenders himself to a devouring passion for her.

The central thread of the story is furnished by Ditmar's virile and masterful desire for Janet and her response to his passion. Very soberly and sincerely Mr. Churchill sets himself to the task of studying and understanding and making clear to his readers the working upon their two natures of this elemental force and its influence upon their lives. He seeks only the truth and its meanings, and he is relentless in his probing as he dives deep into their hearts and lays bare their inmost motives and emotions. He has never hitherto depicted a woman character with quite so much insight, skill, and surety as he portrays Janet Bumpus. It is true that he psychologizes her rather too much in the early chapters, before she has come to even a little understanding of herself, while the desires, yearnings, revolts within her are still no more than blind and dumb forces, thereby giving to the reader an image of her that is more sophisticated, more developed than, presently, she is realized as being. But, barring this flaw, it is a vivid, notable portrayal of a type true to the time. Hardly, however, can it be said of her, as Mr.

Churchill makes one of his characters say, that her father had been the means of passing on to her the New England inheritance which had mislead him. Except in her intellectual curiosity and eagerness, Janet is not a New Englander. She would have been as exotic a creature in the New England of a hundred or two hundred years ago as in the environment in which she appears.

Opposite her stands Claude Ditmar, successful business man, a wonderfully realistic figure, true in every line, bold, aggressive, and vital, as alive as if he had been transferred bodily to the pages of the novel. Many of the minor characters are presented, if more briefly, with an equally skillful and life-giving touch.

Mr. Churchill has been concerned less with telling a story than with picturing the life of a New England mill town filled with men, women and children of a dozen races of Europe and Asia. His Hampton is a melting pot in which the metals have not fused. But they boil up and over when the great strike takes place and the leaders and organizers of the I. W. W. appear among them. The many pages that deal with this strike are, both as story and as account of industrial unrest, particularly interesting, perhaps the best in the book. And, finally, one senses that apparently Mr. Churchill meant to suggest to the reader that "the way to the dwelling place of light" is by means of the kind of life of which Janet finally has experience, the kind for which she has the native affinity, where there is plain, fine living, human sympathy, love for fellow-beings, the spirit of service. It is a pleasure to bear witness to the finer, truer taste with which Mr. Churchill now writes.

NOTES OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Dr. Henry van Dyke, who designed his position as Minister to Holland last winter in order that he might be free to write what he thought ought to be told concerning the German conduct of the war, has completed his book, "Fighting for Peace," and it will be ready for issue by the Scribners in the latter part of October. The whole book is said to be not only an indictment of Germany, but an appeal to stand fast.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announces that it has postponed until spring the publication of Norman Mailer's "High Adventure," the account of his flying experiences in the battle zone in France. The postponement was made necessary by the serious injuries he received several months ago when he was wounded in his machine 15,000 feet in the air and fell just behind the English lines. He fainted during the descent, then roused just long enough to pull the proper lever and right the machine, and then fainted again as he landed. He is now convalescing, but the weeks he had to spend in the hospital delayed the completion of the manuscript.

Herman Whitaker, author of "Over the Border," has just sailed for France, where he will write war correspondence for a newspaper syndicate.

"What Never Happened," by "Roshin," which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf at the end of this week, is a novel of the terrorist side of the Russian movement for freedom. The author was himself a figure in that movement and the view he gives is from the inside. The book attracted much attention in Russia.

George W. Jacobs & Co. announce a new edition in gilt binding of Elizabeth McClellan's "Historic Dress in America." It is in two volumes, covers the subject from 1607 to 1870, and contains 300 illustrations.

Prejudice in America
Against England Lessons;
Its Causes Are Exposed

Unfounded prejudice against England by people in the United States has been fostered by what they have been taught in school. There is a movement on foot now to eliminate this, and this movement is treated in a book just issued in New York. The writer is Charles Altshul. Prof. James T. Shotwell, of Columbia University, writes an introduction.

From his investigation of text books used for the last twenty years (in which he was aided by teachers and boards of education in many cities), Mr. Altshul has drawn the following conclusions:

The great majority of history textbooks used in our public schools more than twenty years ago gave a very incomplete picture of general political conditions in England prior to the American Revolution, and either did not refer at all to the great efforts made by prominent Englishmen on behalf of the Colonies, or mentioned them only casually;

The number of separate history textbooks which gave this incomplete picture was not only much larger than the number of those giving more complete information, but the former circulated in many more communities throughout our country than the latter;

The public mind must thereby have been prejudiced against England;

The children now studying American history in the public schools have a far greater number of textbooks available which give relatively complete information on this subject; but the improvement is by no means sufficiently marked to prevent continued growth of unfounded prejudice against England.

Another active season has just started for Eha Leginska, the noted pianist, her first concert taking place in Sioux City on Sept. 25 as the opening attraction of the Civic Music Course. This, incidentally, was a return engagement from last season. The pianist played brilliantly and won a triumphal performance gaining large applause.

CRISP Reviews of New Books; Wide Range of Subjects Treated

MILITARISM

(By Karl Liebknecht)

This book by the famous socialist leader in Germany that was suppressed by the German government, and for which Herr Liebknecht was punished, was written wholly before the war, and all the illustrative material in it and all the references adduced as evidence are of conditions and affairs as they were previous to 1914. The book, therefore, is chiefly of historical interest, since the world war is so changing world ideas and has already sent so irrevocably to the scrap heap many widely held convictions and purposes that the world after the war will need to bring about entirely new adjustments. But the book is interesting and timely for the light it throws on the pre-war Germany and for the illumination it makes of the character of Karl Liebknecht.

The book had its beginning in a lecture delivered by Herr Liebknecht eleven years ago on "Militarism" at a conference of young men in Germany. He revised the lecture and published it in book form and afterward made it the basis of this present volume. A few months later the book was confiscated and the author arrested and charged with treason. In October, 1907, Herr Liebknecht was found guilty and sentenced to a year and a half in prison, the imperial court declaring that he aimed at the abolition of the standing army and that this army was an integral part of the nation's constitution. So important was the case considered that the kaiser was kept constantly in touch with the progress of the trial by a special wire.

In his address to the judges Liebknecht declared the aim of his life to be "the overthrow of monarchy as well as the emancipation of the exploited working class from political and economic bondage." As an answer to his sentence the working people of Berlin elected him, while he was still in prison, to represent them in the Prussian landtag. There, in the common council and in the reichstag he has continued to fight the principles and purposes of the militaristic system of Germany, while in the reichstag his voice was heard in favor of a German republic. On the breaking out of the war he told his followers in the councils of the Socialist party that Germany was not entering upon a war of defense, that it was an imperialist war for domination of the world markets, that it would tend to destroy the growing labor movement, and that it was their plain duty to vote against the war budget. But other opinions prevailed, and the entire Social Democratic delegation voted for the budget. But

Liebknecht voted against it at the second session in December, and in the reichstag declared that the Germans were the aggressors and that it was an imperialistic war provoked by Germany and Austria. On May 1, 1916, Liebknecht took part in a peace demonstration in Berlin and made an anti-war address for which he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to four years penal servitude. He wrote two letters to the military court which tried him which, the writer of the introduction says, show him in a true light. In these he said, in part:

The cry of down with the war is meant to give voice to the fact that I thoroughly condemn and oppose the present war because of its... [unclear] nature; because of its general social causes; the particular way in which it was brought about; the manner in which it is conducted and the object for which it is fought.

Herr Liebknecht's argument in his book is against all war, against any making and keeping of armies or any armament of nations, unless, possibly, the army should be one of thoroughly democratic origin and organization. Although he refers now and then to the military systems of other nations his point of view is that of the man in front of whose eyes has loomed large the German militaristic system. He is obsessed also, as are most Socialists, with the conviction that an army, or any fighting force under the control of a government, will always be used to forward the interests of capital. One long section of the work is devoted to "Capitalistic Militarism." In another he studies "Means and Effects of Militarism," the point of view being always that of a Socialist in Germany. In the last section, on "Some Cardinal Sins of Militarism," he says, in conclusion:

As truly as the maintenance of international peace is in the interest of the international proletariat and beyond that in the interest of the civilization of the whole of humanity, so truly is the struggle against militarism—that outcome of national hatreds, that sum and extract of all peace-disrupting tendencies of capitalism; in short, that serious danger of world war—a fight for civilization which the proletariat is proud to wage, which it must wage in its very own interest and which to wage no other class as such (leaving out of account some well-intentioned enthusiasts who only prove the rule) is even remotely so much interested in.

"Over the Top," published in the spring, has gone through fourteen editions, totalling 100,000 copies.

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A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS =

EDMONTON Orchestra 1917-18 Series Will Be Inaugurated on Sunday

The fourth season of the Edmonton Orchestra opens at the Pantages theatre on Sunday, October 28th, at 9 p.m., under the auspices of the 49th Edmonton Regiment Chapter I. O. D. E.

The Edmonton Orchestra was organized in January, 1915, with the object of placing before the public the "better class of music," a phrase which has been their motto ever since. The first program was given on February 7th, 1915. At the end of last season, seventy programs had been given and the enthusiasm of neither the members or the audience has flagged. A local critic in reviewing the last Alberta Musical Festival writes, "We have often referred to the large number of splendid musicians which we have in Edmonton and it has been a source of regret to us, as it must have been to all music lovers, that no organized effort was being made to unite the musical forces of the city. In view of this lack of concerted effort, all the more credit is due to the Edmonton Orchestral association for their unfailing and unselfish perseverance in organizing and keeping together the Edmonton Orchestra. To many people who attended the festival concerts, the work of the orchestra came as a pleasant surprise, and we have heard one man ask, 'What does it cost to bring the

Music at Front Over 'Wireless' Is Edison Plan

Troops in many encampments within a radius of 10 miles from Forty-third street and Broadway today heard the strains of a single phonograph playing martial airs in a wireless tower at that point.

Among the encampments connected with the phonograph were those at Yaphank, Hempstead, Sea Girt, Wrightstown, Plattsburg, Van Cortland Park and many small outpost stations where soldiers are guarding bridges and public works.

The experiment was conducted with a phonograph especially constructed for army use by Thomas A. Edison. The idea is to use similar machines in France, where one placed in a dugout behind the lines can send "canned" music over the telephone to soldiers in front line trenches on a wide front.

A special series of records will be made if the experiment is successful. These records will be contributed by the best known professionals in the United States. The honor of singing into it the new war songs will fall to Madame Marguerite Sylva, the prima donna who was married last year to an American naval attache, and who is now resident in the United States, where she will sing this year.

George Cohen will sing his own "Over There," and other popular composers will act their own interpreters.

MUSIC Revolution in England; Opera Supercedes the Orchestra

Sir Thomas Beecham's recent assertion that one reason for the rising popularity of opera at the expense of orchestra concerts is the fact that the public knows the symphonic masterpieces backwards and is sick to death of them, has caused discussion in the English musical world. A writer in Musical Opinion declares that for his part he has "no further interest in the most threadbare of the stock orchestra pieces until they are brought up to date by being played backwards or have been given a long, long rest."

He thinks he is but one of many musicians whose interest in orchestral concerts has been almost killed by the insistence on a handful of classics and a batch of popular modern works. He parts company with Sir Thomas, however, when that distinguished millionaire-conductor contends that there is no other orchestral music sufficiently attractive to take the place of the hackneyed masterpieces and retain the public's interest in orchestra concerts—"no orchestral music of any importance having been produced in Europe during the past seven or eight years." The writer quoted maintains that even among the older works there are a fair number of attractive compositions that rarely get a hearing, while "Beethoven and Wagner are played to death," and that

orchestra here?" Under our provincial laws it is not possible to charge an admission fee, and, sad to relate, many people overlook the fact that a collection at the door, was the only means by which the orchestra could defray the costs of providing the rentals."

With this, and many other expressions of appreciation from citizens of Edmonton, and the large attendances at these concerts, the Edmonton Orchestra may fairly claim to have succeeded in their efforts toward elevating the standard of music, and it is to be hoped that this season will bring forth strong enough support to be able to place the concerts on an even higher standard than last season.

From time to time during their career, the orchestra has donated the entire proceeds of various concerts to different societies, and it is not at all unbecoming that the opening concert should be devoted to the general fund of the 49th Edmonton Regiment Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

The soloist on Sunday will be Miss Bessie Pilkie, who will sing "Until" and "God Send You Back to Me."

The program includes a march from the Lenore symphony, Overture to Masiello, two Slavonic Dances of Dvorak, Minuet by Mozart, and apropos of their first charity, a patriotic selection of English airs, arranged by England's foremost military bandsman, Dan Godfrey.

The officers elected for the Edmonton Orchestra for the coming year are:

President: Vernon E. Barford.
Vice president: William G. Strachan.
Secretary: George Andrews.
Treasurer: Harry Sedgwick.
Librarian: Vivian E. Snowdon.
Committeeman: Earl Tredway.
Business manager: Kenneth A. Ross.
Conductor: Albert Weaver-Winston.

HIS HOLINESS ADDICTED TO MUSIC

The one sensuous pleasure to which the Pope is addicted is music says Current Opinion, quoting a writer in the Italian dailies that there has been some relaxation of the severity of the practice under Pius X, who looked with suspicion upon all modern theories of orchestration and composition. Benedict XV is rather partial to Beethoven, to Wagner and to other masters not ordinarily associated with devotion.

The Pope is said to inherit his musical tastes from his mother, who was highly accomplished on several instruments and sang beautifully.

The officers of the British Museum have reserved a section of the building for the preservation of talking machine records of the voices of the great artists of the day as well as the noted statesmen and orators. Vocal records of these artists will be placed side by side with the speeches of Lord Roberts and the archbishops of Westminster and Canterbury.

MUSIC Revolution in England; Opera Supercedes the Orchestra

the source of the trouble lies in lack of enterprise on the part of conductors and orchestras.

As for opera, although there has been no season at Covent Garden since the summer of 1914, practically a new opera public has been created in London since the beginning of the war, thanks largely to the Beecham campaigns of giving this form of entertainment at reasonable prices, with capable singers and orchestra, and without the social trappings that had made it so largely a thing apart, as far as London was concerned.

W. G. Grant, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO

Musical Director
Alberta College North

Organist and Choirmaster
First Presbyterian Church

MUSICAL MUSINGS

The love for music, like charity, should begin at home.

Musical parentage is the greatest asset in a child's musical education.

Trying to raise musical children in unmusical homes is like attempting to grow sunflowers in the shade.

The reason so much piano playing is heartless is that people possess fewer hearts than fingers.

The Zoellner Quartette, who make their sixth tour of America this season, will give two New York recitals, besides appearances in Brooklyn, N.Y.; Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Paul—to be brief, the tour will be a trans-continental one, Canada included. The new works to be played by the Zoellners are Two Sketches Op. 15, and a Suite Op. 6, by Eugene Goossens, Quartette Op. 28, Napravnik and another Suite Op. 144, by Emanuel Moor. They will appear in Edmonton early next year.

Manchester Hub Of Musical Life In Merry England

That Manchester is destined to become the hub of England's musical life in the not far distant future is becoming more and more evident to the London Daily Telegraph's music critic, "Provincial London," to quote his words, "with its circumscribed views and narrow enthusiasm (if any), and strong prejudice in favor of the wrong thing, will be relegated to a back position."

Manchester's musical program for the coming season strikes him as uncommonly significant. He is particularly impressed by the new series of promenade concerts recently begun there under Sir Thomas Beecham's general direction, and with Sir Thomas himself and Sir Frederick Cowen, Eugene Goossens, Landon Ronald and Percy Pitt as conductors, while the soloists are "among the best we have." Among the novelties scheduled for performance is Eugene Goossens' "Tam o' Shanter" and an arrangement for orchestra by the same composer of Debussy's familiar "Clair de Lune."

Then there are to be fifteen Brand Lane concerts during the season, at eleven of which the Halle orchestra will play. At one Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" will be sung, with Muriel Foster and Gervase Elwes singing the roles they have made so peculiarly their own that they have come to be regarded as the interpreters of supreme authority. Other soloists engaged for the concerts are Pauline Donald, the Canadian soprano; Margarita Alvarez, the Peruvian contralto; the Australian Elsa Stralla, the English Agnes Nichols and the American Felice Lyne, besides Clara Butt, who is to sing at the end of the concerts. Finally, Manchester is to have a prolonged opera season about Christmas time.

Mme. Alvarez seems to have justified the high hopes Oscar Hammerstein held for her, but not in the field he had in mind. Neither at his Manhattan Opera House nor his London Opera House, nor yet the Boston Opera House, did she make a success by any means so distinctive as the acclaim she has won in London as a concert singer.

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NOTES On and Off the Line

When recently talking to some of our men at the front, Harry Lauder is reported to have said of his soldier son killed in action: "I was at the grave of my dear boy. I had only one prayer and desire, and that was that God would allow the grave to open for one minute so that I could kiss him on each cheek and thank him for what he had done for his country."

A clergyman of Exeter, Eng'and, once told the story of how five choristers were out walking one Sunday evening. After a time they sat down on the grass and began to sing an anthem. A hare passing with great swiftness towards the place where they were sitting stopped at about 20 yards distance from where they were sitting. The hare appeared to be highly delighted with the music, and as soon as the singing had ceased returned to the woods. When she had almost reached the woods the choristers began to sing again. The hare stopped, turned around, and came swiftly back to the same place and remained listening in seeming rapture and delight until the singing had ceased. Then she made off to the woods again.

"One night we gave a performance of Lohengrin in Cleveland with stock scenery," recounted David Bispham. "The local manager had assured us that he had a river drop in the theatre and so our first act drove for Lohengrin showing the River Scheldt near Antwerp was left in New York. Imagine my surprise when I turned around after finishing my first song to discover the River Thames filled with boats as during the regatta week at Henley."

For the first time in its history the Paris Opera will frame a performance of an English opera toward the end of this month, when Raymond Roze's "Jone of Arc" will be given in aid of the Franco-British Red Cross funds.

John McCormack gave a recital in Carnegie Hall last Sunday night for the benefit of a fund for dependent relatives of men in the 165th Regiment, U.S.N.G.—the "fighting sixtieth"—under the auspices of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. It was announced that \$1,000 had been received and that Mr. McCormack had offered to pay the expenses of the recital.

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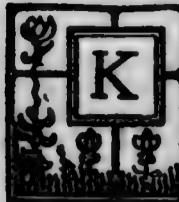
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DROP STITCHES

By Dorothy Jefferson

Illustrated by F. McNamee



KATHERINE CHANNELL began to knit. She began not because of patriotic sentiment nor because of any real sympathy for the sailors. She began because her winter costume seemed incomplete without one of the large cretonne bags that all the other girls in her set were carrying.

Having selected an orange and blue bag with a gilt cord run through the top, she purchased it for the trifling sum of \$1 and went in search of some white bone needles. These, tipped with sterling silver, could be bought for \$5 a pair.

"Now," said Katherine, "I'm ready to knit for the soldiers."

Mrs. Channell put down the magazine she had been reading when her daughter returned from the shopping tour and ran her heavily ringed fingers through her marcelled hair.

"The yarn, dear," she questioned languidly; "what color did you buy?"

"Gray."

"Then you're ready to knit for the sailors. Gray is their color, you know. Poor sailor boys! They need all the help we can give them."

"So saying, she went back to her magazine, and Katherine wandered away in search of her maid.

"I am going to knit for the sailors, Marie," she said sweetly as she lay down in her dressing-room and closed her eyes for the fifteen-minute beauty nap she took each evening before dinner. "Do you suppose I can make nice scarfs and things?"

Marie tucked a pink silk quilt about her mistress tenderly.

"Indeed, yes," she agreed. "Mademoiselle is good of heart, very, very good of heart."

Bradley Channell was a financial power too securely seated in Wall street to feel the first jolts of the war. He bought his share of Liberty bonds, donated liberally to the Red Cross, and allowed his only daughter to put as much money as she wished in circulation. There were no comments on the high cost of leather when Katherine bought four pairs of shoes in the same month, and her whims were laws in the Channell household.

People knew this. When Katherine appeared in the rooms of the Red Cross Society the following morning she was greeted enthusiastically on all sides. The women and girls who accepted her social leadership flocked about her, admiring the gnarly, twisted piece of wool that she called "my first scarf." Others, sure of their social position or indifferent to it, hovered at her shoulder, telling each other in whispers that they would make Katherine pay some bills for the society.

"Bradley Channell's daughter," they murmured pointedly; "be nice to her."

Altogether Katherine had a very successful day. She learned to do something with the white bone needles and she thought she was knitting. She went to bed right after dinner, and, propped up by three or four cushions and encouraged by the solicitous Marie, she turned out almost two feet of scarf in a single evening.

Every one in her set, with the exception of Harley Stevens, acknowledged her cleverness. The other girls admitted that they had been knitting longer, but were not nearly so deft with their needles. The men, all but Harley Stevens, declared that the possession of one of her scarfs would make the perils of war seem as nothing at all.

Harley told the horrible truth.

The Stevens lived across the street from the Channells, in a house which Mrs. Channell envied in the depths of her soul. It was something more than a gorgeous residence; it was a home, built in the days when Bradley Channell's ancestors were on the lowest rungs of the social ladder. It spoke of a family who knew very little twig and bud on their ancestral tree. Mrs. Channell's only glance when she stood in her window and stared at the forbidding wall that in-

The feminine world is knitting madly, but there are some women, like Katherine Channell, who are too proud to see their drop stitches

closed the Stevens premises was the thought that Harley, heir to the entire estate, had shown a marked interest in Katherine since her debut.

"Maybe he—maybe she—maybe they—" she began time and again to her husband when Katherine's future was under discussion. "Oh, Bradley, are my ambitions for the child unreasonable?"

Bradley Channell was unusually grim when he

certainly fooled me that time. But why all the little holes? Are they bullet marks or simply part of the design?"

Katherine frowned.

"I dropped a stitch here and there," she said coldly; "all beginners do."

"Oh! I see. Did you search the house thoroughly, or do you think you dropped them on the street?"

Katherine was not with-

"The sailors like to thank their benefactresses."

Katherine, still thinking of Harley and his ridicule, scribbled her name and address and tagged the sleeveless coat.

"I hope the sailor that wears my sweater will write and thank me for it," she told Marie that night. "I will show his letter to a friend who thinks my knitting is a joke."

Marie, smoothing out a rose-colored negligee, snorted indignantly.

"The very idea! Your knitting is excellent, mademoiselle. Très bien!"

Katherine's smile with came true in one respect. The note of gratitude which she received in the mail a few days later warmed her heart toward the recipient of her handwork, but Harley Stevens did not telephone again. He, as well as she, had pride.

The note was a humble affair, printed on coarsely ruled paper:

Dere Mis Channell: I rite to thank you for my sweater. I am only a poor sailor, and it is difficult for me to express my gratitude. Will you rite me sometime? I will be so glad to here from you, yours friend. JOHN JAY.

Katherine was delighted with what she termed "Mr. Jay's novel spelling" and she made it a point to answer the letter a few days after it reached her. Her friends applauded her patriotism in giving so much of her time to the unfortunate, and the correspondence between John Jay, the sailor, and Katherine Channell, the debutante, became one of the chief topics of conversation in the little world where she lived.

Mrs. Channell, never given to charitable acts, was perhaps the only person who regarded Katherine's interest in a common sailor as indiscreet.

"Of course it is purely patriotism," she explained to her husband, "but things are going a bit too far when he sends her his picture and asks for one of hers in return."

"Picture? Did he send his picture?" Bradley Channell raised his shaggy eyebrows in surprise. "What does the fellow look like, anyhow?"

Mrs. Channell rose and crossed the room to Katherine's desk. A photograph in a silver frame stood between two tiny American flags.

"See for yourself," she said contemptuously. "Here he is."

John Jay's face and figure were far from handsome, but there was a certain manliness about the sailor that appealed to Bradley Channell, and the smile that had sprung to his lips at the first glimpse of his daughter's protege faded as he studied the picture.

"You're right, mother," he said finally; "Katherine should not encourage a man like that. She doesn't realize what her letters may mean to him."

KAETHERINE was highly amused at her parents' decision in regard to John Jay, but she agreed to tell him that their correspondence must end. Accordingly she sat down at her little desk the following morning and scribbled a hasty note to the naval training station:

My Dear Mr. Jay: I am sorry that I must discontinue our correspondence. It has been a very interesting one, but I have so many urgent duties in connection with my social service work that I cannot promise to write any more personal letters. Wishing you the best of luck, I remain very sincerely yours,

KATHERINE CHANNELL.

An unexpected answer arrived in the return mail.

Dere Mis Channell: I no you are awful busy, but I am going to ask you one more favor. May I come to see you Sunday afternoon, wearing the sweater which you gave me? I do want you to see it once. Then I will trouble you no more. Yours friend, JOHN JAY.

"I never heard of such impudence!" Channell's wrath knew no bounds when Katherine, her dark eyes dancing



"I dropped a stitch here and there," she said coldly; "all beginners do"

answered this question. "No man in the world is really good enough for Katherine," he would say coldly, and the discussion always ended there.

The first scarf was finished and lay in a neat little package on the library table when Harley Stevens called one evening. He picked it up idly and was fingering the tissue paper wrapping when Katherine burst into the room, flushed and laughing.

"I've been giving dad a dancing lesson," she explained. "You should have seen us! How are you, anyhow, Harley? It is quite a while since I've seen you."

She sat down and the man at the table smiled at her breathlessness. She was growing prettier every time he saw her, he thought, and her black hair set off the vivid color in her cheeks wonderfully. He did not answer her questions at once, and Katherine, rather embarrassed by his steady gaze, caught at a conversational straw.

"That package in your hand is something I made," she said proudly; "open it and behold the work of a girl you once called idle."

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HARLEY STEVENS tore the tissue paper wrapping from the scarf and held the soft, woolly thing at arm's length. He was a good looking fellow, with shrewd eyes and a humorous mouth. Katherine usually found his laughter contagious, but on this occasion she smiled stiffly at his joke.

"You made this?" he demanded. "What is it, Katherine, a blanket or a sock?"

"Neither; it's a sailor's scarf."

"Well, as I live and breathe! You

out a sense of humor, but she was one of those persons who find it hard to laugh at their own mistakes. Her first scarf was a wonderful thing in her eyes, and length. He was a good looking fellow, loves the ugly features of her first-born. She rose and took it from Harley, her red lips set in a thin little line.

"Let us not discuss knitting," she said quietly; "we'll talk of something you understand."

It was not until the front door had closed behind her caller that her face relaxed and two big, angry tears trickled down her cheeks.

"I hate Harley Stevens!" she whispered as she tucked the scarf under her arm and ascended the stairs to her bedroom; "I never want to see him again!"

Two days later, when Mr. Stevens called the Channell home on the telephone, Marie informed him that her mistress was not in, and not expected later. Mrs. Channell's pleases were made in vain. Katherine refused to see the man who had told her the unpleasant truth about her work.

Not that she ceased to knit. On the contrary, she sat up until the small hours of the morning, her dark head bent over the long white needles. She learned to "purl," and she invested in the yarn and directions for knitting a sweater.

Determination is half the battle, and Katherine's first sleeveless jacket was quite a creditable affair. It was as well or better knitted than the others on the counter when she turned it in to the Navy League. She wished spitefully that Harley Stevens could see it.

"Won't you write your name on a tag and put it with your sweater?" the smiling woman behind the counter asked her.

tour, mirroring the mingling of creeds and races that is so essentially the distinguishing characteristic of New York.

The sordid stories nauseated her, yet in her heart was born a great pity and a sudden savage rage against the elements that make for the nightly repetition of the scene. She looked at Androfsky. His eyes flamed and the muscles of his face twitched. He was in the throes of a titanic emotion. Yet she seemed to feel that it was not mere pity that set his great bulk to trembling. It was not sorrow that brought the ruddy flame into his great orange and amber eyes. It was something else.

She thought that she divined it as a cruel, exultant joy—such as Mephistopheles might feel at some new evidence of human frailty. He was thrilling with savage satisfaction over the sordid nature of the show. Was he really a devil worshiper, as she had heard? For a brief instant she felt almost as soul-sick as if the fearful apparition of the orthodox had appeared before her. In a daze she permitted him to lead her out.

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THINK of the girl in blue," he kept repeating. "Remember her flowerlike, frightened face and the story she told. Driven out by her sister for repulsing the advances of a favorite boarder—united to America—dazed by the night streets—offered lodging by an affable stranger—the aftermath. Yet tonight she was doubtlessly soliciting. She is the modern Magdalen! She is an affront to decency and a reproach to her sex!

"And because she is these things she whimpered and begged in broken English and promised to 'reform.' Ye gods, to 'reform'! Thus, no doubt, did the first of her kind to challenge the enduring attention of the churchgoers. Yet this one, like her, might better have snatched her fingers in the face of scandalized propriety—and laughed! Think of that and you, too, will laugh, when I mold your likeness in the clay!"

The next morning, breakfasted and with the indomitable buoyancy of youth, she walked briskly across the Square. Some lingering memory of the rioting joy of her companion of the night court prompted her to take again the little blue derringer. On the little platform she stood outlined against the velvet drapes and assumed the pose that he had rehearsed her in.

Out of the green, moist clay a tiny figure grew rapidly—a figure of elfish beauty, with a little square, defiant visage turned over one rounded shoulder, a figure slender and erect and disdainful, staring down the centuries of outraged conventions and laughing flippantly at her contemporaries.

"I want insouciance in the half-veiled eyes," he explained eagerly; "I want invitation flaunted in the very faces of the patriarchs who head the mob of accusers! I want sensual indolence and vitriolic scorn of those who would say, 'Repent and be forgiven thy iniquity!' Behind the figure, on a little rack, I will depict the discarded robe of repentance, the sackcloth and ashes that the Laughing Magdalen has cast aside!"

The sunlight glinted again on his rumpled mane and flaming beard, and into the orange and amber eyes had crept the old mocking, cynical light. The girl stood for an hour, staring at him, maintaining the pose as rigidly as if cast in bronze, hardly conscious of the twinges of aching muscles. He worked swiftly and deftly, cutting, patting and molding until the shaped lump of clay was the figure of a beautiful woman.

Then he swathed it in moist rags and strode over to the girl. She shrank away from him, her brown arm stretching out to clasp the black purse on the little round table. His eyes followed the maneuver curiously.

His lips twisted in the faint, enigmatic smile as she clutched it.

"Mademoiselle," he mocked, "has a strange affection for the black handbag!"

She snapped it open, grasping the derringer.

"I've heard strange stories, Boris Androfsky," she said quietly. "My father, after the western practice, taught me to shoot straight when I was a small girl. If you ever presume to touch me I shall very probably kill you!"

He laughed with boisterous glee.

"The intrepid Miss O'Grady fears unnecessarily," he said. "But I can plainly see that she is not yet ready to smile as I would have her smile for the marble Magdalen."

As on the previous day, he grasped his hat and sauntered out for relaxation. Thereafter the little tableau was enacted daily. When the period of posing was over he would walk across to her, his amber eyes aglow, and ask her if she had yet the newer viewpoint. For the first week or two she invariably repeated the threat. Then came the day when she disdained the weapon and snatched her fingers mockingly in his face. It pleased him.

"We are making progress," he com-

ed. "Already my missionary zeal is increased with greater hope. You think, perhaps, that a woman can own red blood in her veins without—let us say—too great trepidation?"

Her smiling countenance froze again to correct primness. She reached for the handbag. He watched her until the little blue weapon gleamed in her hand. Then he walked over very deliberately, thrust it aside and kissed her. Before she fully realized his triumph he had turned his back and was disappearing into the hall.

His contempt for her threat startled her. But even more astonishing was her own absence of hot resentment. Yet she told Gordon Leighton about it. He seemed greatly perturbed.

"Androfsky is winning," he warned her. "It is his boast that he can break down any girl's barrier of reserve in a month. It is a game with him—a game of wits and words and adroitness as callous as his concepts of art. I can use you for my next canvas. You may start Monday. Write him a note telling him that you won't return."

Eileen O'Grady shook her head. "I feel committed to it," she declared. "I don't fear him."

"You remember the girl I spoke about," he urged. "That little boyish youngster from the Bronx? Bradley told me they had her in the psychopathic ward yesterday. Picked her up in the streets. Seems to have some peculiar obsession for revenge on Androfsky. She's a coke fiend—said it was the only way of forgetting what the Russian had taught her. I can't quite understand that. Through him she met a lot of men in the big time. I thought it had turned out well—at least from the materialistic standpoint. She was a cute kid, too."

Eileen remembered those deep-set golden eyes, boring so uncannily into her soul. But Leighton's assumption that she was weak and defenseless piqued her pride. "Come on over and sit as chaperon, Mr. Grundy," she jeered. "It would be perfectly lovely protection."

He flushed, lit another cigarette and rose from the table. "So be it," he said shortly. "I'm no knight errant. It isn't being done any more. Only when you holler 'Wolf' next time, please pardon my possible unavoidable absence from the scene."

Long after she went to bed that night she was haunted by the immature, flowerlike face of the girl from the Bronx—the original of the famous Rose room fountain girl. She had seen her on several occasions. Sleep was impossible while she tried to fit together the intricate pattern of Androfsky's ideas and practices.

There seemed to be a ghastly inconsistency in his cynical championing of the unfortunate women of the street. While he deplored the fate that had befallen them, upholding their right to sneer back unrepentant at the world that scorned them, he himself seemed the worst enemy of virtue. Was he sincere in either attitude? Was he perfectly sane? Or was his eagerness to perfect the Laughing Magdalen a mere whim to astonish and outrage the art critics?

His purpose—if, indeed, he had any beyond mere caprice—was unfathomable. Yet the next day there was a peculiar thrill to clambering up the murky staircase. The Grieving Circassian still groveled in marble loveliness beside the tiger skin couch. She wondered with a shudder if the poor little weak-faced girl now ravaging in the psychopathic ward Leighton spoke of had also sobbed there, a rose and gold and cream tinted living statue of grief.

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ANDROFSKY was standing in front of the Laughing Magdalen. He was fascinated by the expression on the wanton's face. It was laughing—laughing with a demoniacal leer that contorted the girlish features into a mask of hate and fury.

Eileen recognized them as hers, but the sinister mirth was foreign to any emotion she had ever experienced.

Androfsky smiled, gloatingly. "The Laughing Magdalen!" he boomed. "What do you think of her?"

"It—it isn't me," she protested. "That awful thing isn't me!"

"It is all women," he said with sudden quiet gravity. "The form is yours. The features are yours. But the expression—the ideal laugh of the Magdalen—is not. I borrowed that from the face of a girl—a dream girl now, living only in the mists of memory. Is it not wonderful?"

"Yes," she whispered, staring at the piquant, hate distorted, laughing visage in green clay. "It is wonderful—and devilish and terrible!"

"I shall not need you again," he said. "To tell you now that you will come back. It is because—because, perhaps—that I love you!"

He stood beside her, his arms limp at his sides, neither smiling nor serious, but with that peculiar whimsical expression that clicked his true moods.

"You will realize that when you come

again—unwillingly but impelled as if by chance."

Her lips curled scornfully, and she framed words of denial, but there was a smoky light in her eyes, and she grasped the black purse as she edged toward the door. His very passivity was somehow more sinister than if he had grasped her. Only the flickering orange lights in the amber eyes seemed animating. Otherwise it was as if he himself were a great creation in bronze.

In the doorway she passed a minute. The sunlight flooded the studio, with its marble figures, its lumps of clay swathed in wet rags, its grinning Satyr in green copper and the Laughing Magdalen in green clay. In their midst, amber eyed and roddy haired and gloriously ironic, stood Boris Androfsky smiling farewell.

She stumbled down the murky stairs and out into the clear morning light. Over in the Square, where Italian children played with shrill chatter and human derelicts dozed in the sun-flecked benches, she huddled into a vacant seat and wondered, very still and white of face, if the bearded Russian had spoken the truth.

She saw him no more for a month. One day she had passed his studio, lured by a frightened curiosity whether she would turn in. A van was backed up to his door and a white block of marble was being lifted off by half a dozen men. She shuddered and sped by. No doubt the snowy stone was the unchiseled Laughing Magdalen.

The summer dragged along. During the hottest months, when infants gasped for breath in Fulton street tenements, while men crumpled up in Times Square like suddenly empty suits of clothes, and the steamers for Brighton and Coney staggered crazily down the bay with their overloads of humanity, Androfsky worked on the white marble. The rugged quarrymen's angles gave way to curves, and the curves undulated and blended into a great snowy likeness of the little bronze cast of the Laughing Magdalen.

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THE heat was terrific. He drank cognac to maintain his flagging energy, and the fiery liquid heated his veins to fever and the madness of delirium. He never inquired around the Quarter for Eileen O'Grady. "But she will come," he told himself aloud, when the cognac flamed in his blood. "She will come—as have the others—when it is moonlight. Creeping up the stairway, she will come—and as in a trance she will extend her arms through the shimmering stillness and say, 'I love you.' Yes," he reiterated, "they all love me—while I wish it!"

During the long hours when the heat-tormented millions tossed restlessly about, wooring slumber that could not triumph over the sticky misery of existence, he read by candle light from strange Russian chronicles of sorcery and black magic. Sometimes he smiled, but more often he frowned with fierce intensity and read on and on.

Eileen sat for Leighton's "Triumphant Dawn" and then snatched a brief vacation in a tumbledown shack in the Catskills with Nonie Seldon, who had discovered it the previous year. Her cheeks acquired again their true Celtic pinkness and the throng at Sally's acclaimed her return hilariously.

Leighton was suddenly moved to pay her ardent court, and every afternoon they rode uptown on the top of a bus to dine at Churchill's or the Cocoanut Grove. Leighton was "flush" with the proceeds of five liberal commissions and a retainer on a mural for the rose room of a new mansion on the drive.

He asked guardedly about Boris Androfsky. He hadn't been seen a dozen times all summer, they said. Randler had visited him one afternoon and came back raving about the greatest work ever seen in America. But Randler was too enthusiastic and the announcement brought no influx of critics. Others went, however, impelled by curiosity, but Androfsky sentily refused to let them see his masterpiece. "It is not ready," he said. "Always there is a little ceremony before the completed work is exhibited." They went away again wondering.

Fall came quick and crisply. Overnight it seemed the leaves had begun to swirl around the deserted walks of the Square. The bench-drowsing throngs thinned out and all over the Village were artistic posters announcing the masques and fêtes with which the exuberant villagers welcome a changing season. Out of the upper windows of the Radical Club hung the multi-colored Japanese lanterns, invariable portent of festivities within.

It was a chill November evening, strangely still and crisp in the Square. The rumbling noises of the city's surrounding activities came with tinkling but distant distinctness into the area of shriveled grass and grotesque, leafless trees. The moonlight was white as diamonds overhead, yet green as emeralds in the shadows.

Eileen O'Grady, light, a little huddled trunk of a great tree, gaunt limbs in ghost green, the deserted walk. She was walking with the peculiar insistency about Boris Androfsky. That afternoon an excited whisper had gone about the village. The Russian had completed a work of unheard-of excellence and awesome originality.

She knew what had thrilled the visitors. And in her heart, pounding with trepidation, was a yearning to see it there in the still moonlight. No doubt the naked maid of the chill November night would enhance its fiendish charm. She rose suddenly and her heels pounded with staccato distinctness on the walk.

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UP THE murky stairs she crept. The building was dark and apparently deserted in favor of some neighborhood festivity. At each landing she paused in stygian darkness and listened. Twice it seemed that some one else was near her. She listened and there was audible a slow, soft noise as of regular breathing. Panic seized upon her. She called out, asking who was there, but the words only echoed hollowly in the winding gloom above and below. Fearing the descent more than the completion of her visit, she went on.

The studio door was open. Her eyes, sharpened by the minute in straining darkness, caught every detail of the moonlight flooded room with remarkable clearness. Before her, tall and lithesome, her features frozen into that terrible leering laugh, her rounded limbs translucent in the emerald sheen, was the Laughing Magdalen. The terrible resemblance it bore to herself frightened the girl.

"Boris," she called. "I—I've come to inspect your masterpiece."

The huddled bulk straightened. "Come in," he boomed. He came over and held out his hand. "You are beautiful," he said. "Your vacation has worked wonders."

He stepped back again and put his arm lovingly about the waist of the statue. "Is she not beautiful?" he asked.

The girl responded as before. "Beautiful—and devilish!"

"I know you would come," he said. "It is a pet experiment in psychic attraction I have tried year after year. Always I told the model she would return when her completed likeness in gleaming stone called her. Always they have come back. They come creeping up the stairs in the moonlight and say, 'I love you!'"

"I don't love you," cried the girl. Her face had gone white as the marble Magdalen. "I hate you, I hate your flaming amber eyes, your hideous bulk, your sordid cynicism."

"That is truest love," he said. "Love that returns to berate and stays to care."

He had interposed his menacing form between her and the door. The derringer, she realized abruptly, was at home in her bureau drawer. And the insane genius swayed between her and the winding stairs.

"Come," he commanded, "say what you feel in your heart. You have thought of me often, yes?"

The orange light glowed in the great amber eyes. It seemed impossible today his charge. His grasp, crushing in intensity, fell upon her wrist.

"Come," he repeated. She felt herself drawn toward the great tiger skin couch, gleaming black and white in the moonlight.

She tried to scream, but the cry strangled in her throat. The satyr grinned evilly, and the Laughing Magdalen, ghostly in the dim radiance, rejoiced. As abruptly he released her.

"Listen," he cried. "The Marble Magdalen is laughing—I heard her laugh!"

Then his breath came hissing through clenched teeth. Eileen O'Grady screamed shrilly. From the statue came the clear ripple of human laughter rising eerily into the night. He staggered over toward it.

"I am mad," he cried. "I am crazy—but still I laughed!"

The laugh rose again, a gurgling sound, frosty with chill mirth. Something dashed in the white moonlight, making a ruddy ribbon of sparks across the countenance of the Laughing Magdalen. Boris Androfsky crumpled up and collapsed across the Grieving Circassian. The Laughing Magdalen swayed on her pedestal and crashed to the floor. Behind her stood the slim, boyish, flower-faced girl from the Bronx.

"I came back," she said. "Back again!" And she laughed.

The two girls stared at each other. The shattered Magdalen's head rolled over into a patch of moonlight beside the tiger skin rug. It seemed to peer up into the face of the Grieving Circassian.

Gordon Leighton appeared in the doorway.

"Good God!" he cried. "Eileen!"

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like a coward. He hadn't quaked; his teeth hadn't chattered; his voice had been firm, his speech coherent and unexcited. In fact, she began to see that he had kept his head remarkably well.

Had she been too hasty in her judgment? Was her creed of bravery really a twisted one? In fine, was it possible to think of an explanation and a reconciliation?

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III.

THE next morning, when Marie Louise appeared for breakfast—he was tramping up and down the room like a troublous old sun.

"I suppose you can stand this news without crying, or fainting, or anything like that," he blustered merrily, watching her over his glasses.

The girl glanced up in excited curiosity and apprehension.

"No use crying or going off in all sorts of hysterics!" he was grumbling. "No use at all!"

The grandmother came over and drew one of Marie Louise's hands into her own withered one, and patted the girl's shoulder.

"It's Sheridan," he began. "After he brought you home last night he met with an accident—got into a fight with highwaymen. He was shot. They shot him all to pieces, and he's going to die!"

The grandmother felt Marie Louise relax in her arms, and feared that she had swooned; but the girl merely gasped and muttered in a queer, frightened voice:

"They shot him all to pieces, and he's going to die!" Then she nodded to the rear admiral. "Go on, daddy—tell me about it!"

She seemed enveloped in the same gloomy darkness. Her head throbbed in a maddening way. She felt a choking sensation, which not only compressed her throat but crawled down and clutched at her very heart.

But she must be brave! She would not faint—she was determined upon that.

She heard confusedly the rear admiral's jerky, disjointed recital.

"Don't know what possessed him. Must have been crazy—just crazy, that's all. Heard it from Jamieson himself this morning, and he said that the lad must have been crazy to do it. Wan't a

"Oh, oh!" she quavered, "they've shot him, and he's going to die! And I'm going to die, too, daddy—because I love him!"

chance to get away with it; there were two of them, and they both had guns. He must have been a fighter, though—just a crazy fighter, I guess!"

"You see, Jamieson was held up last night on his way home from a late party. Just where the road turns off from the lake, you know. Two men with guns jumped out and held him up and riddled him. Hardly believe it, would you? Never connect thugs with a place like this! Must have been working on one of the freighters. Anyway, just then Sheridan came round the turn, and one of the men covered him and told him to stop; but, Jamieson says, he just laughed savagely and jumped at the highwayman. Of course the fellow blazed away and shot him once or twice; but, Jamieson says, he came right on and closed in as if he'd never felt the bullets. They went down fighting, and tussled all over the road. The other chap was jumping around to get a shot at Sheridan and to keep his eye on Jamieson at the same time. I suppose, if the worst came to the worst, Jamieson would have waded into the little rat who was covering him; but in another minute he heard a motor coming toward them, and the robber heard it, too, and bolted.

"There were three men in the machine, and it took their combined efforts to pry Sheridan off the hold-up man. He had him by the throat, and had almost choked him to death. Nearly gone himself, too; coughing and spitting blood. Well, they secured the robber and rushed Sheridan to the hospital. You'd think it was Jamieson's own son, he feels so badly about it; and, bless my soul, so do I!"

The rear admiral removed his glasses and brooded for a moment.

"I went over to the hospital as soon as I heard it. He got pegged four times, and two of the wounds are mighty bad—one in the stomach and one that they think went through a lung. He was a very dear friend to you, honey—a very dear friend to us all, and I'm afraid he's going to die!"

She was a murderer—that was as plain as day. Her pettish taunting had made Sheridan throw his life away.

As the hideous reality of what she had done bit its way to her brain she struggled from her grandmother's arms and staggered to her feet.

"Oh, oh!" she quavered. "They've shot him, and he's going to die! And I'm going to die, too, daddy—because I love him!"

So she fainted, instead.

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IV.

FOR more than a week a forlorn little man spent the best part of each day just outside a door in a hospital corridor. For more than a week and afterwards groped and stumbled at the varying reports of a game that was in progress on the other side of the door, where a man was lying unconscious with a bullet.

One day a thin doctor came through the door with news; and a dear old lady who had been with the little man most of the time wept profusely. A blustering old gentleman who had also been in regular attendance, tramping up and down the hall, uttered several ejaculations.

The next day she was allowed to peep for a moment through the door at a lined, unshaven face, a trifle less white than the pillow that supported it. The patient was asleep, so he did not see the tears in her eyes.

When at length they pronounced him strong enough for a visit, she was ushered in, to behold him shaven and shorn and rather glorifying in a chaste dressing robe of heliotrope hue. Both the patient and his visitor were shy.

Marie Louise, seated so close that Sheridan could smell a perfume which brought back vividly the night of the dance, had lost her power of speech. Against her will she stared, fascinated, at a heliotrope shoulder through which, she knew, a bullet had torn its course.

"If only he would speak!" thought she.

"If only she would say something!" thought he, discovering new wonders in her hair and her eyes and her mouth.

Marie Louise raised her eyes and caught his, which were fixed hungrily on her face.

"Does—does it hurt—much?" she stammered, indicating the shoulder.

"It's stiff," he confessed. "This one's all right."

"This one" was the one nearest to her, and the hand belonging to it was stretched outside the counterpane, not far from her own hand.

"You've been very good," he said slowly, with his eyes down, like a bashful boy. "They told me how thoughtful you were. And you sent flowers and things—and inquired—and everything—just as if you were my people." He stroked a heliotrope tassel with the hand outside the counterpane. "I have no parents or relatives, you know, and the flowers and roses—and you took such an interest—even when I was almost over the edge. I feel a gratitude that I can't very well explain, lying here like a useless invalid."

"I was rather out of my head for a while," he went on, not heeding her. "When I came round your flowers were about the first things I saw clearly. You've no idea how they bucked me up. Do you know?"—he was twisting the tassel nervously—"I believe an illness of any kind brings out the feminine qualities in men. I was lying here last night, feeling mighty lonesome and blue, and the nurse brought in your flowers—roses they were; and—and the scent of them brought back thoughts, you know. It made me so miserable and so happy that—I couldn't help it—I cried. I actually cried like a girl." His face was averted.

"I thought I was a man, but I guess I'm pretty much a baby!"

Marie Louise had slipped to her knees and buried her head in the counterpane, very close to the tassel and the hand.

"Oh, no!" she sobbed. "You're not—you're not a baby. You're a hero! And I'm a wretch for what I said that night. Oh, won't you please, can you ever—can a hero ever forgive a little fool?"

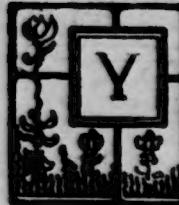
The wound in his shoulder pained him when he moved, and he had three others scattered about, so I don't know how he did it; but in some way he managed to shift his head over until he was near enough, and then he kissed her. He kissed her on her little ear, because her face was hidden.

"I'm not a hero—I'm a lover, and you're my sweetheart," he murmured, "the mother," he repeated, and kissed that little ear again.

"THE LAUGHING MAGDALENE"

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by F. McNally



MURE not the right type for my mural stuff," said Leighton. "It's a Greece for a theater in Harlem, and the doughty old bourgeois have never heard of any treatment other than the usual 'Psyche and roses' stuff.

Fannie Rambler said she'd drop in this morning."

"I'll be cultivating some syphilitic lines myself," asserted the girl in the doorway. "If I can't land something pretty soon."

Leighton looked at her very intently. The wide, weary blue eyes met his glance with rather too great an assumption of easy assurance. Beneath the lopsided tan her bobbed hair shone black and glistening. The short velvet jacket and gray dress adorned a figure of excellent proportions that just escaped sashlessness.

"You didn't come here to—to do this sort of thing," said Leighton acidly. "What was it first?"

Under the Brighton-acquired tan a red bush mounted to the jet lashes. "Poetry, higher aspirations—and the development of my psychic self."

Leighton smiled. "It just doesn't seem to get over, this tradition-busting stuff. Does it?"

The girl in the gray dress shook her head. "No," she said. "Did you ever notice the crowd at Sally's place of an evening? Anarchists and dreamers and fakers and painters and just plain bohemians? They represent eighty-seven methods of elevating the soul of the race—but their best performance, nevertheless, is queerly identified with the destruction of Sally's beefsteak and shortcake!"

Leighton nodded.

"Well," said the girl, "I got 'hep' too late. I know now that I can't write poetry. I know that I never will. But in the meantime I have to go on eating. My 'psychic' self doesn't seem to have any great financial standing in the community. So I—I've been posing—for the figure mostly—for the last three or four months. Two years ago I wouldn't wear a one-piece bathing suit!"

Leighton set his palette down on the table and turned round upon his stool. "As I done these cases," he suggested gently, "there's generally a farm back in Vermont or elsewhere that disillusioned amateur bohemians can always return to."

"Only this time it's five rooms and a bath—in Omaha," said the girl. "And folks who attend Hibernian picnics and wear shamrocks and can't believe that a girl who has run away from home has any moral right to—to sort of corrupt the younger kids. There's five of 'em."

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I SEE," said Leighton. There was a moment's silence, during which he leaned over and groped in the pockets of his coat. His face was red and his expression rather chagrined when he turned around. "I've been a trifle short myself," he confessed. He took a quaint little hampered bronze clock and thrust it in his pocket. "Come on," he suggested gayly. "We'll hit for Sally's ourselves—dropping in on Levenstein en route."

The girl shook her head emphatically. "Hock it if you have to," she counseled. "But no fairy godmother stuff on my account. I've got one more bet. It's—Androfsky."

"Boris Androfsky?"

"Yea," she answered defiantly, reddening under the tan. "He says that he can use me all summer. I came here because—because I thought the work might be easier. Sigma Hanover says his studio is a regular oven."

"It should be," assented Leighton. "It's the garret of that Alpine structure on Tenth street. But that isn't the best reason for keeping away from Androfsky. I can think of worse consequences than sunstroke."

"I'm not afraid of him," declared the girl impetuously. "I'm not afraid of any man. For heaven's sake don't start the brotherly advice stuff!"

"Methinks the lady protests too much," quoted Leighton solemnly. "Nor is it only the simple and crudding kind that have had occasion to regret Androfsky's offer of employment. Agnes Renfrew, for instance, had been a lion tamer—a real one. But the bronzed-bearded savage on Tenth street seemed to triumph just the same. She used prismatic acid or some such messy stuff."

"I've heard about it," admitted the girl. She snapped open the purse. Within, companion piece to the pitifully limp little pocketbook, was a blue diamond. "If he ever touches me I'll kill him," she declared.

"Why should the world's Magdalens weep?" asked Androfsky. He cringed one who laughed. A studio story with real atmosphere!

"He won't touch you," demurred Leighton. "At least not until you're perfectly willing. Therein is the essential charm of his system. His bulk is not a menace. It is his eyes, his smooth throaty monologue, his disdain for the conventions. If you don't hit it off with him—or do, too well—look me up."

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THE average Greenwich Village studio building seats in the order of its tenants an inverted pyramid of attainment. Below are the successful vendors of stories, poems or canvases, comfortably ensconced within the play of the anatomic radiators. Upstairs, where the heating qualities of the rattling pipes are unguanted by the merit of good intentions, are those who have been less successful. Here in laminated poverty reside the long-haired youth who finds that the radical magazines will accept his stories gratis and the financially reputable ones not at all; the girl who has had the temerity to cut her hair before realizing that *vers libre* is a decadent drug on the literary market; the pallid Russian youth whose pastoral sketches are spurned by the same editors, eagerly translating Chekhov's masterpieces; the fame-seekers from the hinterland; the impetuous youth who has confounded perspiration with inspiration and translated both into desperation; the misfits and incompetents, puppets of a sardonically sneering Fortune.

The fifth floor of such a structure, a great blank garret, was Androfsky's. Androfsky had come unheralded. His first appearance in the Purple Pheasant created a furor. The giant Russian resembled the famous bronze Moses, with his titian curls hanging long on either side of his pallid, massive face. They who seek out celebrities—however miniature their scale of grandeur—to bask in the meager radiance of reflected glory, cultivated Androfsky.

Perhaps it pleased Androfsky. Maybe it only amused him. He never alluded to it. But he sent out a call for models and models came. They clambered up the narrow and gloomy five flights and clustered about the door. War had made slack seasons follow each other in rapid succession. Slender, almond-eyed Jewish girls, trim and vivacious, came out of the squalor of the East Side; plump, olive-skinned Italian lasses forsook the noisy mazes of Little Italy, sooth of the square, and came to offer their wares of golden-sheen skins, and soft contours; sloe-eyed French girls rubbed elbows with blue-eyed Irish colleens; chorus girls, "filling in" between engagements, stared superciliously between beaded lashes at tremulous neophytes driven by parental edict to a new and awesome task.

One by one they entered at Androfsky's bidding. They found themselves in a great loftlike room, hung with gorgeous banners and festooned with antiques. All about the room were strange forms draped in wet cloth wrappings, bronze nymphs, plaster busts and small marble blocks from which semblances of human form were emerging delicately as dream mists.

Androfsky himself sat straddle of a chair, his bare elbows resting upon the back and his massive jaws lowered upon his arms. His somber orange-and-amber eyes swept very delicately over the candidates.

"For the figure it is," he rumbled. "If you should wish it—" He nodded toward the little screened inclosure. The applicant withdrew and returned shortly. For a brief minute she stood limned against the black velvet hangings, mercifully revealed to the critic's eyes by the full play of the flooding sunlight from above.

Then without expression of regret, without tempering courtesy and without thanks, Androfsky would shake his leonine head.

"No," he rumbled. "Be so good, please, as to dress quickly. There are many others."

On that first occasion he selected a little tow-headed lass from the Bronx, a former salangiri with flat shoulders and a straight, boyish figure. Six months later the girl—in an evening dress and hanging upon the arm of a famous film star—recognized her own likeness in the

rose lights of a great hotel fountain. Androfsky had "made" himself—and her!

After that others came in rapid succession. Not all fared as well as the boyishly slender ribbon clerk from the Bronx. To be Androfsky's model came to be a sinister thing. Only strange, uncultivate girls came, shrieking timidly into the great garret studio and coming out again with eyes that burned bright and hard or stared forlornly through gathering tears.

Eileen O'Grady knew many of these things, and her quick womanly intuition sensed the rest. But, though her heartbeats quickened from hunger and the unwanted fatigue of climbing five flights of stairs in murky gloom, she knocked resolutely enough. Within there was a creaking of springs and a gruff command bade her enter.

Androfsky was sprawled out upon a couch draped with a great tiger skin. His blue silk shirt was open at the throat and a slouch hat was pulled well over his eyes. He puffed at a brown cigarette and thumbed a paper-bound novel. At his feet crouched his "Grieving Circassian," an exquisite nude depicting a woman prostrate upon a mat, sobbing in an abandon of grief.

The sinister symbolism was startling to the girl. The tawny tints of the tiger pelt and the orange glint in the great amber eyes seemed to fascinate her. For a long time neither spoke. Then the man sat up. He thrust one stocky limb quite carelessly over the faultlessly chiseled shoulders of the crouching slave girl. The novel he tossed into the corner.

"Well?" he rumbled.

"I heard," said the girl slowly, "that you were contemplating work that would require a different model."

"Yes," he responded dreamily; "I suppose it is as you would have it—a different model. That last one—a serpentine devil of a Hungarian Jewess—might have done, but she lacked soul. I used her for 'The Fallen Favorite.'

"I have heard of 'The Fallen Favorite,'" remarked the girl timidly. "It—it was sold to Vance Hallinger, wasn't it?"

"For five thousand."

Eileen O'Grady remembered the twisted, drawn countenance of "The Fallen Favorite." Rumor was rife about the methods used to create that tortured expression. Two or three times the model—discovered in a Bleeker street sweatshop—had crept down the stairs crying hysterically, but always clutching a crisp bill in her small hands. Androfsky, it seemed, paid well—paid, in fact, out of all proportion to time and established rates.

The sculptor's voice drew her gaze from the white marble form crouched literally at his feet. "It paid well," he was saying. "All of these things pay well." He kept his arm in an arc that encompassed the whole studio. "Conventional things," he sneered heavily, "bought by cowardly conventional people. This"—he indicated "The Grieving Circassian"—"has been purchased by Howard Alden-Kent for the court of his Long Branch mansion. He bought it because crouching women are a commonplace in art. Everywhere they have been done. Grieving women and laughing children and resolute men—always the same!"

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THE girl's face was pale from hunger and exertion, but beneath her very straight black brows her blue eyes gleamed with feverish brightness. Androfsky stared at her and resumed.

"I came poor," he said. "Because of that I had to do the usual slavish things. Now I am not so poor. But that does not matter. I am going to execute my greatest work—for myself. Perhaps for a few other courageous souls who do not care. I am going to shock the conventional. I am going to create a woman who doesn't crouch!"

His eyes gleamed with fanatical enthusiasm. He stood over the startled girl and fairly poured out his theme. "Look," he said. She followed his glance in the direction indicated. On a little easel across the room was a canvas. Eileen recognized it readily as a crude copy of "The Weeping Magdalen."

"I did that when a boy," he said. "When I, too, was a slave to superstition and convention. I thought it was a great picture. I thought it was a wonderful thing that a woman—a regal, beautiful woman—should crouch at the feet of the Savior and weep because the instincts of the flesh had made her the prey of men. Only when I grew up did I realize the absurdity of it—the crass chicanery of sentiment in the matter."

"I kept it because I wanted to create its counterpart—in marble. I want a woman beautiful, wanton, defiant. I want her looking the world in the face, bravely, defiantly, and laughing at the Pharisees with their canting morality and their murdering stone. I am going to create a Laughing Magdalen!"

"A Laughing Magdalen!" gasped the girl. "Why—why that would be blasphemy, wouldn't it?"

"Aye," he roared. "Blasphemy. Blasphemy to you—with your narrow philosophy and convention-clad perspective! But *Thou* to one whom the archaic legends of nineteen centuries have neither confused nor daunted! I have sought long for a model. I have stood in the Night Court when the usual pitiful group is collected before an obtuse, cynical judge.

"I have seen the modern Magdalens brought in—women of the street, pinched, wan and weary. I have seen them cowering before the bar of 'Justice'—man-made justice—whimpering weakly and thinking up feeble lies and inadequate subterfuges. No doubt the first Magdalen was such as they. And the men who made her so and the women who sneered at her and gathered their skirts away were the first to appear with a demand that she be stoned."

"Today we still stone her—not with wayside pebbles, but with hypocrisy and laws and smug complacency. And because she is ignorant she doesn't realize that her cowering plea for forgiveness is a mockery. She doesn't know that the world should be seeking her forgiveness. But a woman of rare genius would know that. And because genius is a cynical thing such a one would laugh."

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HIS great voice, rising with the gusts of his passionate scorn, roared through the studio. "I—Boris Androfsky—will make a Laughing Magdalen! Yesterday, as usual, I sought my model in the Night Court. I watched the plain-clothes men—sent out as bait because their promise of favor means food and lodging to those who supplicate it—bringing in the spoils of the night's questing. One girl among the number, her impish face crusted with cheap cosmetics, laughed at the judge.

"Don't spring the old line, Judge," she said. "Just say how long and let it go at that. I know I'm a menace to society and a reproach to my sex. But I also know that the same human nature that makes men brutes and liars makes me want to eat." Against her garish cheeks her black eyes were as hard as the facets of diamonds. That was the spirit I wanted. But when I would have moved up and offered her employment the outraged court roared, "Ninety days!" And I realized that I had lost.

"For my purpose you are even better. Her brave stand was rather bravado than conviction. I realized suddenly that she wasn't speaking from deep conviction. Her shallow brain had never probed the matter. She had just heard it somewhere, and because she was half-hysterical with terror and discouragement she had mouthed it gloatingly in court. That was all.

"Your countenance mirrors the education and refinement that circumstance has endowed you with. That is fine. You are not a regular model, eh? I thought not. No doubt you are yourself an artist or writer on the ice shore of luck? I pay double for brains. Is it agreed?"

"Please—please let me think," entreated the girl. She stared rather helplessly about the room. What would her folks think? She remembered the sermon at mass wherein the repentance of the first Magdalen had been held up as a wonderful thing. What would they think of the bitter, brutal philosophy that laughed at that repentance and the place it held in scriptural tradition? Then she caught a glimpse of her face in a tiny mirror over the farther mantel. The bobbed hair glistened in the sunlight. That was her badge of surrender! She couldn't go back—that way. The red lips pressed themselves into a thin, bloodless line.

"All right," she said succinctly. "It's—it's a figure affair, of course?"

Androfsky nodded. "Today," he said, "I shall block out the theme in two o

Literary Man as Practical Reformer

The International Sunday School Lesson For October 28 is

"Ezra's Return From Babylon."—Ezra 8: 15-36.

Vivid Picture of These Times

By William T. Ellis.

Now that it has grown so notably the fashion for literary men to enter the sphere of practical politics and reform, it is especially suggestive to study the career of a more distinguished literary man than they all, who lived a half a century before the beginning of the Christian era. This famous author bore the name of Ezra, and he might have lived the congenial life of a bookish recluse amid the prosperity of Babylon. Instead, he chose the distasteful hurly-burly of administrative work, sacrificing himself for what he considered the greatest public cause of his time.

Ezra is one of the giant figures of this romantic period which has bulked so largely in Jewish and Christian history, and which of late years the spade has been digging up from beneath the arid soil of Mesopotamia. Ezra came to a place of power by sheer native force. He had a visionary's dreams, and an executive's practical abilities. His administrative capacity transformed his dreams into political realities.

A Nation In The Furnace.

"All ships look stately except the one upon which you ride," says the proverb. It is hard to perceive the importance and meaning of one's own age. Even in the tremendous days of the present, some persons are heedless of their import. So the Jews who lived through the period of the exile into Babylon did not understand the big meaning of it all. That it was a national furnace for the purification of the Jews is better understood now than then. The individual experiences of misery, of temporal prosperity, and of safety under the protection of the law of Babylon, were all that the average Jews got out of the exile. There are Chinese in plenty who are troubled by the unsettled state of their land at the present time, but who cannot at all see that their nation is passing through its greatest crisis. The extraordinary unsettling of American thought in our day means to some persons that war is a disturber. They are blind to the larger interpretation of their times.

This crisis of the Jewish exiles coincided with the three deportations to Babylon, the period of sojourn there — three returns — the first, already studied, the second under Ezra at a period eighty years later, and then the third under Nehemiah.

By Desert Ways.

The thought of travel in the desert appeals to every lover of the picturesque and the adventurous. Just as a caravan of camels on the sky line is a thing of rare beauty and stateliness, but common and unpleasant when seen close at hand, so these desert journeys are made attractive by distance. The exiles could tell you that the camels are infested with vermin, and that there is no beast of burden which so racks its rider. These same Jews who had left comfortable homes in Babylon, could tell of the choking misery of dust and sand storms; of the dirt, barrenness, and discomfort of caravan life. They could paint with many a graphic gesture the torrid heat of the desert at this time of the year.

To the spectator they were doubtless as interesting as the caravans which one may see today. I have watched the Persian pilgrims travel across the Mesopotamian desert; some on camel back, some of the children in panniers swung at each side of the beasts of burden; some on donkeys, the rich on horses, some on foot. The speed of the journey is the camel's pace — about three miles an hour. Probably then, as now, the camels were decorated with blue shells and musical bells. A devout Jew seeing the cavalcade set out from Babylon, would watch it from the ridge as I watched an expedition set out across the desert from old Ashur. Did their imaginations foretell the testing times they were to have by the way, and the regretful thoughts they would send back to the fat land of Babylon?

Literary, But Business-Like.

It is the visionary who sways the minds of kings, and it was Ezra, the scribe, who secured the favor of Artaxerxes for the return for some seventeen hundred exiles to Jerusalem. He won the good will of the government and secured immunity from taxation by the way, and the promise of help from local officials as well. In gifts the pilgrims bore with them, some aggregating more than two million dollars in Canadian currency.

That best business methods are thoroughly consistent with high idealism, was shown by Ezra's conduct with respect to this treasure. He had every shekel of it carefully weighed at the beginning of the

journey, the responsibility accurately distributed, and then he made an exact reckoning at the end. That sort of system should characterize every religious and philanthropic organization. Every churchman in a position of trust should demand regular and general auditing of his accounts. The model business administration of every community might most properly be that of the best religious organization.

The other side of Ezra's character came out when the questions of asking for guard arose. He had represented Jehovah as the ruler of nations, able to life up and to cast down. His fine sense of fitness of things, and his zeal for the honor of Jehovah, would not permit him to ask for an escort from the king. He took all proper precautions, and then trusted the Lord, which is true courage.

A Reform Gone Wrong.

It seems but a little time before that the main body of exiles had entered Jerusalem with mingled grief and jubilation; the sound of rejoicing over the laying of the foundations of the temple seemed still to be lingering in the air. The ecstasy of that occasion was fairly delirious, but lo! Ezra finds little trace of it all. There has been a huge slump somewhere. Dreams have given way to "practical" measures. A tragedy has slowly been enacted, like unto that witnessed in our own times, when a young man who might have become a great poet, a great preacher or a great reformer, deteriorates into a mere millionaire. Jerusalem had insured its prosperity at the cost of its message.

Is there any worse calamity in life than to lose one's "gleam"? Thousands of high-souled young men and women are thus gradually becoming blind and deaf to the ideals which had once been as life and death to them. They have, perhaps, mastered fortune, but they have lost their soul's loftiest possession. Even so these returned Jews had found it good business to make alliances with the heathen. What a descent from the first sincerity of their purposes, when they had refused help from their contaminated brethren in building. As it is so often the case with the "practical man," his short-sightedness leads him to steps which really defeat his purpose. Had these Jews scanned a larger horizon, they would have recalled that they were voluntarily adopting the method which an ancient Assyrian conqueror had used to destroy the national integrity of the Jews. They were taking heathen wives and thus losing their identity as a nation.

The tendency to conform to one's environment and associates is as common a temptation as mortal meets. Ask the old resident in the East what he has seen befall newcomers. Worldliness always sits seductively at the door of the church, and usually she is invited inside. "Be ye not conformed, but be ye transformed" is the word for all chosen people. Some one says that the church is in the world, which is her privilege; but when the world gets into the church, that is her peril.

Cleaning Up The Town.

An evangelist has come to town. Why is this? Did we not have an evangelist last year? Is another revival necessary? Alas, and alas, so it is. There are few churches or communities that do not need frequent reviving. Jerusalem, which within the memory of living men had witnessed a great religious celebration, was now sorely in need of another spiritual experience.

She was in such bad case that it took all the courage of this man of books to meet the emergency. Ezra had a grip upon the law. That was his characteristic. He was not the sort of evangelist whose stock in trade is sentimental stories and shop-worn pious phraseology. Emotional appeals would not do for Jerusalem, so Ezra laid down the law, and stern and irrevocable law of Jehovah which the lapsed city was violating.

Sugar Or Salt?

Some folks can't see why piety does not alone stop lawlessness. Coatesville attempted to justify herself in the eyes of the world by pointing to her special religiousness. The world said, "prove it by convicting the criminals in your midst." But Coatesville had not religion enough for that. In this extraordinarily perverted and dangerous separation between religiousness and loyalty to law lies a deep peril of our modern times. The Jews observed their temple ritual, but they kept heathen wives. Ezra understood that his mission was not to be sugar, to make himself agreeable to people, but to be salt, to purify and preserve

LORD NORTHCLIFFE DOING BIG WORK IN THE U. S.

(Continued from Page One)

department. Wars are won by money quite as much as by fighting. Troops cannot fight unless they are fed well, clothed well, and kept supplied with all the engines of destruction that are required in a campaign. Until the United States declared war Britain was the banker of those allied nations which could not entirely finance themselves. Now it is the treasury at Washington which is advancing the money for the purchases which the Allies are making in this country. The United States is not lending any money for general purposes, but only paying for the munitions and food-stuffs bought here and "chalking up" the account, to be squared at the end of the war.

Delicate Work Needed

Complex and delicate negotiations are necessary in this connection. The men who undertake these must be skilled, not alone in high finance, but also in diplomacy of the modern pattern, which substitute frankness for cunning and plain dealing for tortuous endeavors to deceive. The British emissaries have these qualifications in marked degree. Sir Hardman Lever, for example, is one of the most able and trusted officials from the British treasury. Basil Blackett is also from that department in London. Sir Charles Gordon and Mr. Brand I have already mentioned. All

these co-operate with Sir Richard Crawford, of the British embassy in Washington. Of course in all that it does the British War mission works hand in hand with the embassy, and Viscount Headingley, who has left the bench on which he sits as lord chief justice of England to come out entrusted with a special financial task, will do the same. His duty is to direct the whole of the financial operations, to co-ordinate the finances of Great Britain, the United States, Canada and the other allies. He is accompanied by a British treasury official of high standing, Mr. Keynes, and by Col. Swinton, an officer of very varied talents, who has written most interesting and ingenious stories illustrating modern war, and who got most of the credit for the invention of the redoubtable "tanks."

These, then, are the chief directions in which the British War mission is employing its energies. It is toil day and night to lay firm bases for the final victory over the dark forces of Absolutism and Oppression. This final victory, the entry of the United States into the war has made certain, but much remains to be done before it can be achieved. The British War mission is one of the agencies that are contributing vigorously to getting it done. And, incidentally, it is putting into the pockets of the people of America not far short of fifteen hundred millions of dollars a year.

This Girl Won a Prize of Five Dollars In a Nation-Wide Contest for Canning



Miss Helen Tew, of Washington, D.C., has been awarded check No. 1 for five dollars in the nation-wide contest conducted by the National Emergency Food Garden Commission for the best canned vegetables grown in war gardens. The commission of which Charles Lathrop Pack, the pre-

sident of the American Forestry Association, is the head, is giving \$5,000,000 in prizes, apportioned to the various states, to promote food conservation and hundreds of war garden exhibits all over the country are applying for this nation-wide recognition of their work.

society. So he drove the terrors of the law into their consciousness until something like an epidemic of fear and remorse seized them. His note was borrowed by Sam Jones, who was forever urging people to "quit your meanness."

The sentimentalist would say that Ezra's demand that these Jews should relinquish their wives involved a hardship. So it did. Likewise it is always a hardship when the thief is deprived of his income. It is a hardship, however, to his family

when he is sent to jail. Whoever said that the wages of sin should be anything else than hard? To break the law always brings trouble; and often trouble to the innocent as well as the guilty. The cleaned up church creates havoc in some quarters, yet a clean church is worth all that it costs. Nobody doubts now that Ezra's stern measures were the means of preserving the life of the Jews, and in saving the returned exiles from a moral deterioration that would perhaps amount to the extinction of the Jewish people.

In the World of Woman

PETS OF FRANCE

Frenchmen love dogs, with little distinction as to breed, conformation, or color. Very often a village will have some feature predominant in its dogs, such as hound ears, dachshund legs, or an Airedale muzzle, a testimony as to the prepotence of some distant village sire. One seldom sees two dogs in France that look at all alike, which is also a testimony that each dog is his own breed, although many run to yellow, writes Robert Davis in the *New York Outlook*.

When a trainload of permissionnaires file out through the wicket at a depot on their way home from the front, about every third man is lug-ging a patient little tame dog. Often-times the men on leave have to wait from six to ten hours for train connection during this period of demoralized civilian traffic, and they will sit for hours motionless, in the shade or in the sun, holding their little dogs in their arms.

There is an old saying that a man must love something, but he must also enjoy the luxury of expressing his love by stroking, smoothing the cheek, kissing, rumping the hair of some person or thing. Lacking children, wives, or sweethearts, the men in the coils of military routine, engrossed by impersonal actions, keep a corner of the heart warm for the soft body of a dog. In the dullness of a defensive trench warfare men are taming birds, toads, ferrets, rats.

There is a certain comic contrast in seeing a dozen men seated on the grey barrel of one of their gigantic "36's," the most puissant article of bombardment they have produced, and in deciphering between their blue puttees legs the name painted along the side of the barrel; perhaps it is "Mechante Demoiselle," or "Cherie," or "Marie," or "Fanchette." When the gun is in action—such is the fantastic humor of the affectionate artillermen—they constantly caress and scold their gun. They strike "Helene" in mimic rage, urging her to do better. They shame her by comparing her with the obedient little "Clarice." They pat her grim cheek, when the telephone reports that the range is right.

I had a ride in a locomotive which was entirely covered by the protective coloring called "camouflage"—the irregular bands and blotches of tan, indigo, and forest green. A hollow-eyed Gascon, limp from lack of sleep and unrelenting attention, who had been carrying his daily freight of food and ammunition for a year right up to rail-head, would not rest after the artists had decorated his engine until he had done a little coloring himself. From the side of the locomotive tender shouts at you in letters three feet high, "Loulo."

Last week I made a trip in a five-ton truck—the kind that can grind along on its double wheels in mud or sash up to its belly. The little Belgian who drove it told me at least eight times on the day's voyage that he had been 100,000 kilometres and as yet had seen no repair shop. As he swayed and rumbled along he was constantly addressing himself to some one other than his passenger. He seemed to be holding an imaginary repartee with "Deookie Dahrlin." I was a long time getting his idea. One of his friends had told him it was the name given to young ladies in polite American society, and he thought that the best truck that ever came over from an America ought to have proper American name. So he was talking to his "Ducky Darling."

Marmalades

Grapefruit Marmalade—Shred very fine four grapefruit and two lemons. To each pound of fruit allow three pints of water. Pour the water over the fruit and let stand overnight. In the morning cook until extremely tender and then let stand twenty-four hours. Weigh and allow an equal amount of sugar to that of fruit. Heat the sugar in an oven. Let the fruit cool to the boiling point, add the heated sugar and boil until the syrup thickens in cooling.

Amber Marmalade—One orange, one lemon, one grapefruit, five pounds of sugar and seven pints of cold water. Wipe the fruit with a damp cloth. Do not remove rind, but cut each in quarters and then cut each quarter through rind and pulp into thin slices, removing all seeds. Let the prepared fruit stand in the water twenty-four hours. Cook five or six hours, or until the peel is very tender. Let stand another twenty-four hours. Add sugar and cook until it jellies when tested in a cold saucer. Turn into tumblers and seal.

Orange Marmalade—Wipe nine

oranges and six lemons and slice crosswise in as thin pieces as possible, discarding seeds. Put in a porcelain lined preserving kettle, adding four quarts of cold water. Cover the kettle and let stand thirty-six hours. Boil for two hours, add eight pounds of sugar and boil for another hour.

Orange Marmalade Without Peel—Allow twice as many oranges as lemons. Pull the peel from fruit and cut crosswise in thin slices, removing seeds. Chop the peel separately and tie loosely in a cheesecloth bag. Weigh the peel and pulp together, and to each pound allow three pints of cold water. Cover the prepared fruit with the water and let stand over night. In the morning cook until the peel is tender. Let stand twenty-four hours, then take out the peel and gently press the liquid from it, adding the liquid to the pulp and water. Weigh and allow an equal amount of sugar to that of the other material. Heat the fruit to the boiling point, add the sugar and boil until the liquid drops in beads from the spoon. Store in a cool, dark place.

Christmas Cards

Now is the time to get your order in for personal Christmas cards. More and more within late years we have adopted the custom of having our own personal cards engraved and sending them out to friends. The Christmas card carries with it no obligations, as does a gift, and so it may be used at the holiday season to extend good wishes even to our slight acquaintances. Most of us think to order these cards just about as we normally would buy our supply of ready printed cards and then, of course, it is impossible to get our orders attended to in time and we put off personal cards till another year.

Probably Christmas cards will be more widely used this year than ever before; for many of us will wish to send this slight remembrance to the men who have gone to France or to the training camps, and many of us will wish to remember the families of these same men to at least this ex-

tent. So without being spuds we can make a wider use than ever of Christmas cards.

Most Christmas card dealers have samples of a good many different designs, some of them of a religious sort, some merely pretty pictures, some with a particular significance of a non-religious kind, and when you have chosen your design, your own personal name and greeting are engraved on the card. If you wish it your own card plate may be used for the name.

If you want to be especially individual in your Christmas card you may wish to follow the example of English royalty. The different members of the royal family send out personal Christmas cards, the designs for which are specially made for them each year. A few years ago one royal lady had a card showing an historic English queen doing deeds of Christmas charity. Now it is not at all likely that you have a famous ancestor—or someone as nearly your ancestor as an old queen of England is the ancestor of the royal family of today—but perhaps you possess some painting that you like especially and that you know your friends like. If so, you might have this copied for your Christmas card, or a sketch made of an attractive nook in your house or garden.

MAKING TOUGH MEAT TENDER

A teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar added to the water in which you are cooking a tough piece of meat will help greatly to make it tender. Add the acid just after the water begins to boil. A tough roundsteak that is allowed to stand in a mixture of two tablespoonsfuls of vinegar for an hour before cooking will be found to be much more tender and improved in flavor.

BEEFSTEAK WITH VEGETABLES

Put a piece of steak in a baking tin, dredge it with flour, and season with pepper and salt. Almost cover with water and cook in the oven for 20 minutes, then cover it with onions thinly sliced and cook another 20 minutes. Next add a layer of tomatoes, sliced, and cook for ten minutes more. Take it from the oven, baste well, sprinkle grated cheese thickly over and return it to the oven to brown.

War Economy In Dress

Some of the progressive women of Canada are suggesting that there is as great need of dress controller as of food controller. One woman thinks that while most of Canada's women have borne the burden of war magnificently, there are altogether too many who have either lacked the courage to oppose fashion's dictates or the moral stamina to resist the fascination of frills and frippery. It has already been demonstrated that women are becoming almost over enthusiastic on the subject of the conservation of food, in which they face the grave danger of overdoing the matter to the detriment of their growing children, but the cutting down of her dress allowance does not seem to appeal to woman's patriotism as a war measure.

The Vancouver local Council of Women have taken up the matter of dress reform in very serious earnest, and Calgary and Edmonton ladies have spoken their minds freely, making practical suggestions, and many are not only talking but acting along these lines.

The enslavement of women to the dictates of fickle fashion is preventing them from doing the best of which their womanhood is capable in these days of terrible need and distress. A large number of men engaged in designing and making milady's wardrobe could be set free for overseas duty if the demand for new and distinctive models were not made by the women. Brightness of dress is needed these dark days, but simplicity goes hand in hand with good taste. To wear soft silks and dainty linens at \$5 to \$10 a yard, and shoes \$12 to \$18 a pair while there are maimed babies in France and starving mothers and babies in Belgium and destitution in other countries is not playing the game as our boys are playing it in the trenches. Conservation is largely woman's work, whether of food or of clothing, and when they see the light every loyal woman of Canada will find ways and means to cut down the cost of dress, and by so doing strengthen our arms for victory.

Department Store Demonstration Under Auspices of the Women's Municipal League, Boston, Mass.

